

DELL

MARCH-MAY Still 10¢

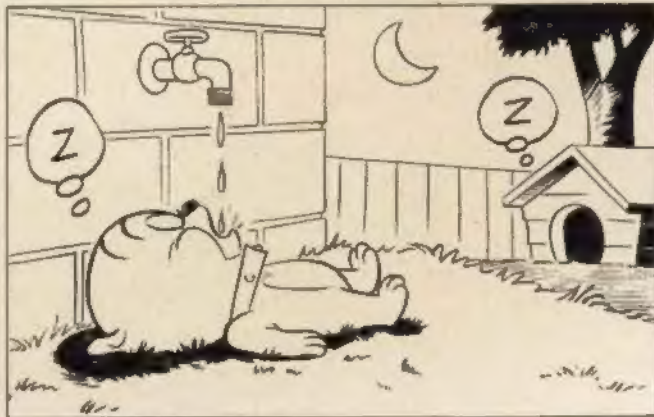
M.G.M.'s

# Spike and Tyke





M-G-M CARTOONS  
present  
*from* **Big**  
**SPIKE**  
*and* **Little**  
**TYKE**

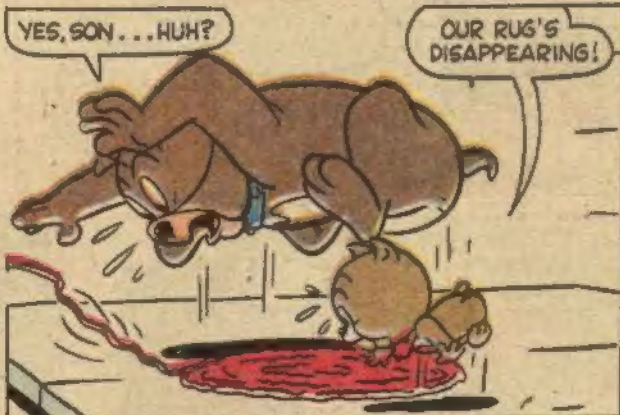
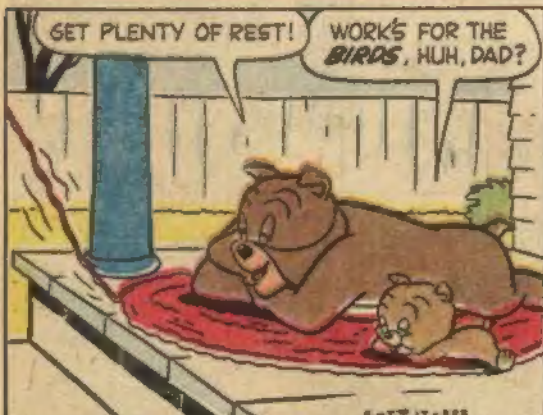
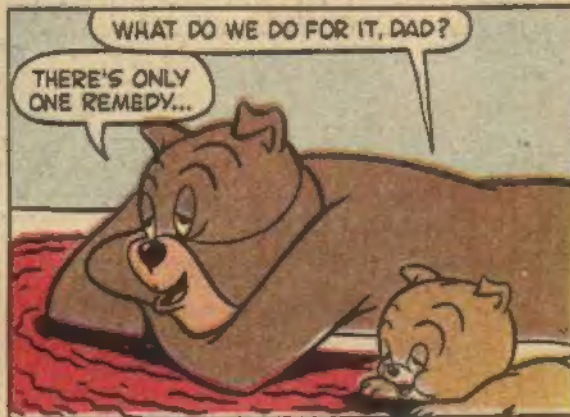




M-G-M CARTOONS  
present

# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

in **STRING FEVER**



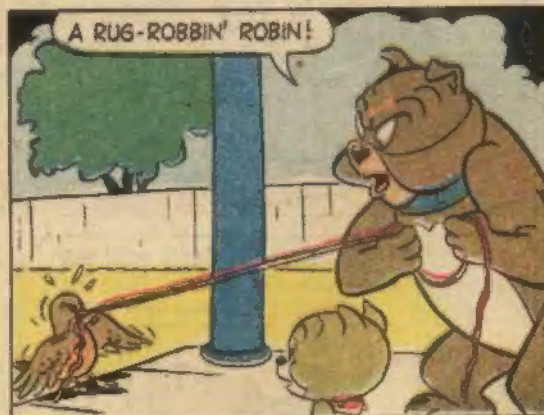
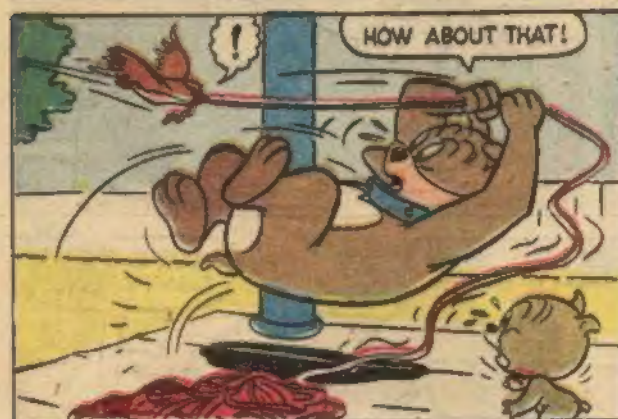
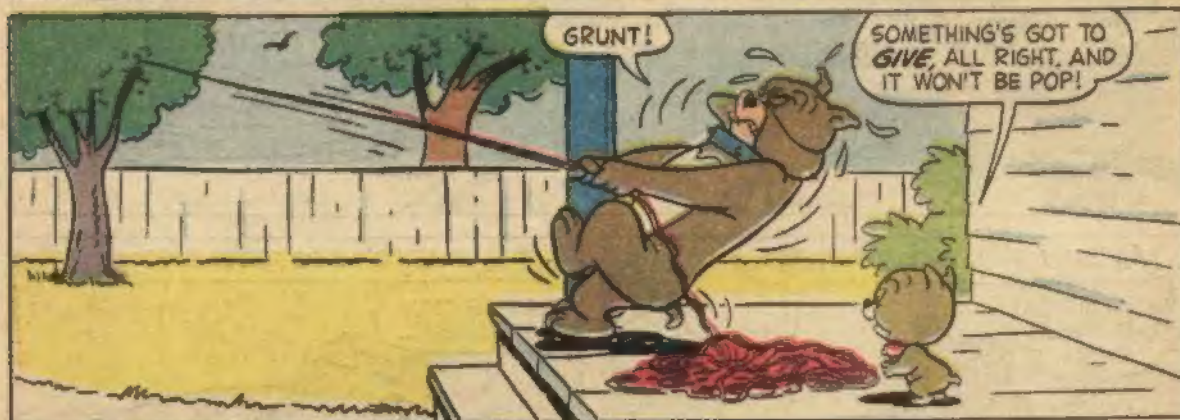
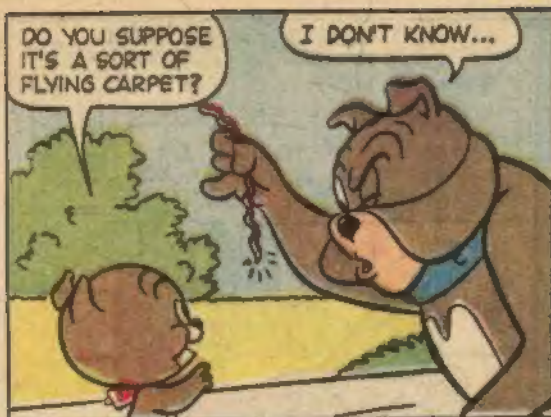
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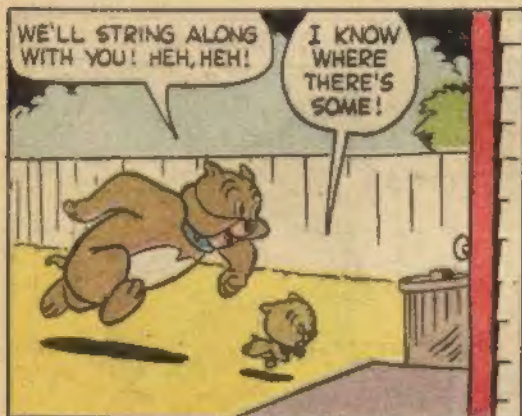
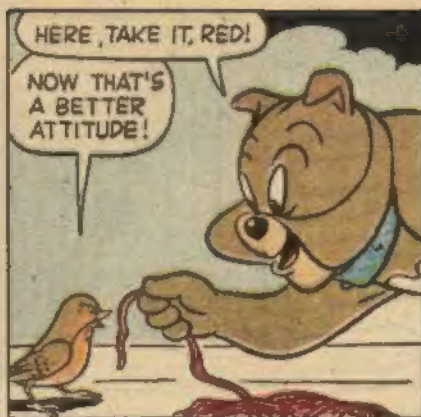
**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

10-30-60









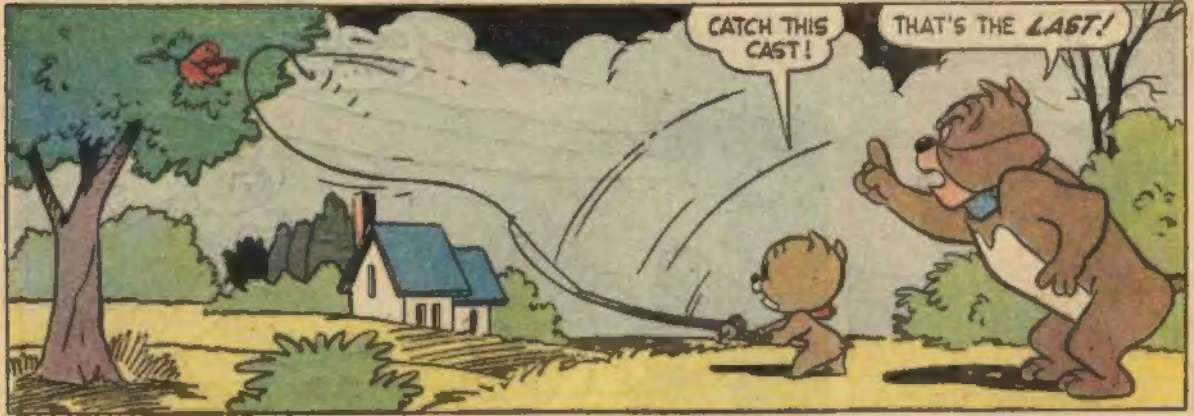
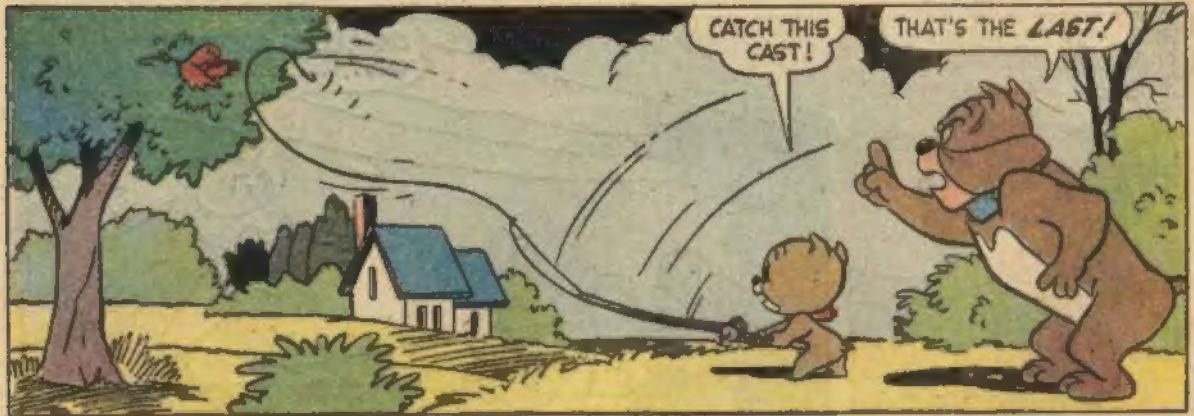








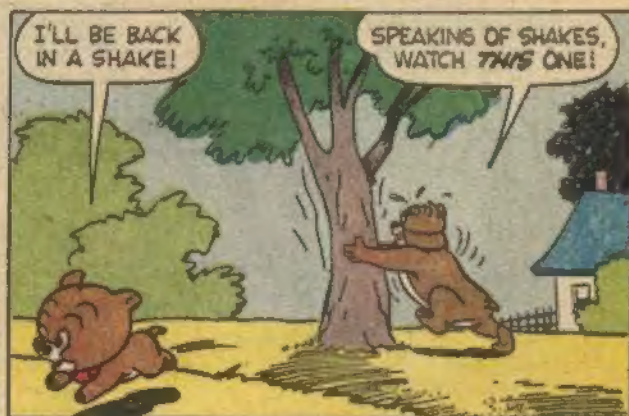














M-G-M CARTOONS  
present

# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

in  
**PUSSYCAT PANTHER**

TODAY WE BRING YOU  
ANOTHER WILD LIFE  
ADVENTURE MOVIE...  
"THE PROWLING  
PANTHER!"

MY HERO!

"THE PANTHER RELIES ON THE  
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IN  
ATTACKING HIS VICTIM!"

I'D LIKE TO GROW UP  
TO BE A PANTHER!

WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE  
I COULD MAKE IT, MAYBE!

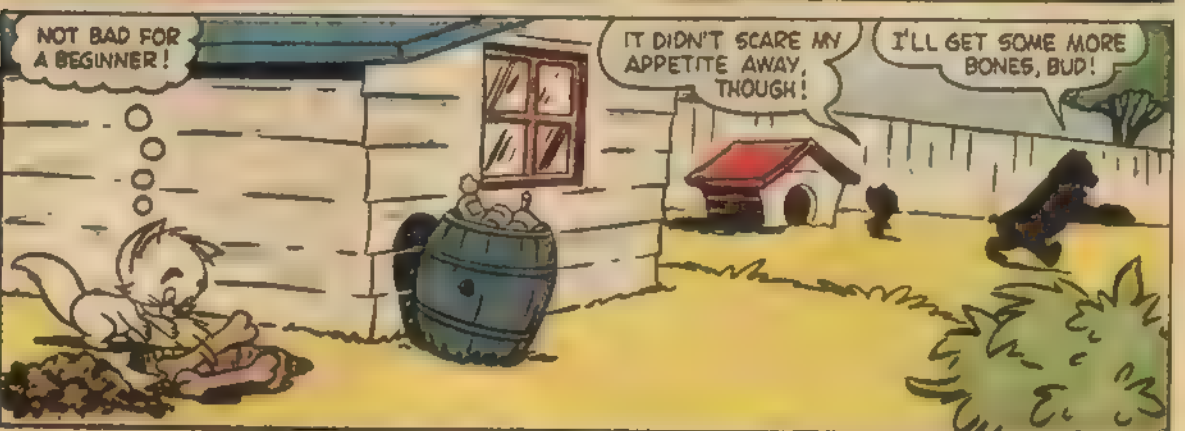
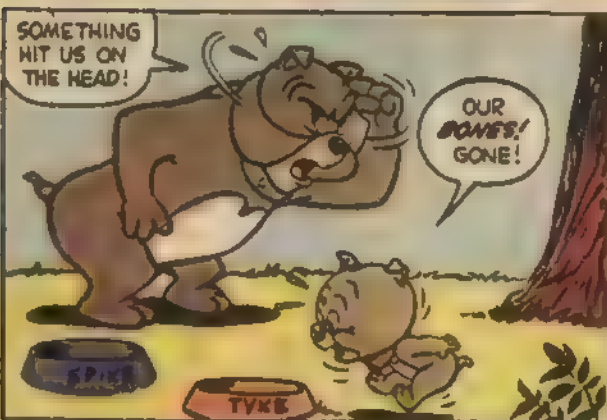
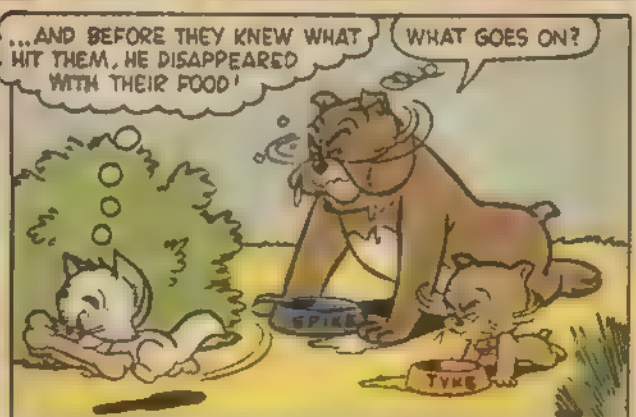
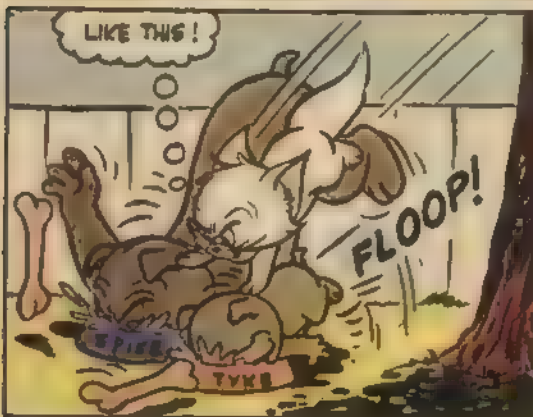
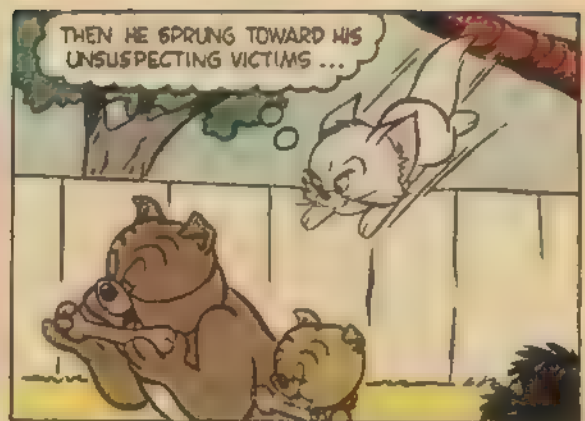
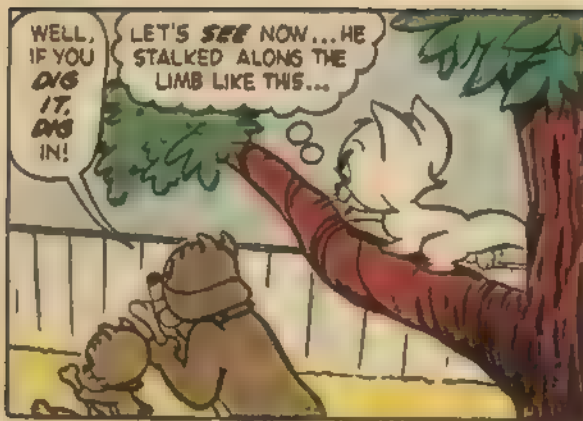
HERE'S MY CHANCE  
TO LEARN!

CHOW! BARBECUED  
BONES, SON!

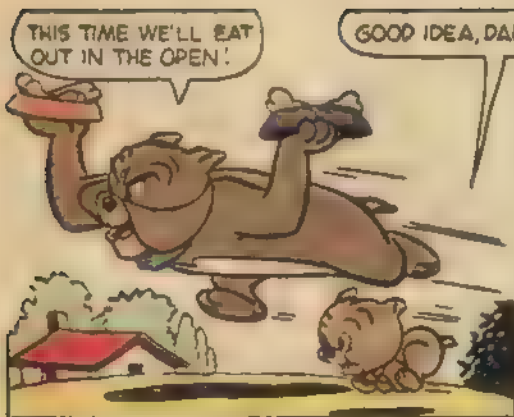
MAN DO I DIG  
THIS DINNER!

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE  
IS ALL I NEED!





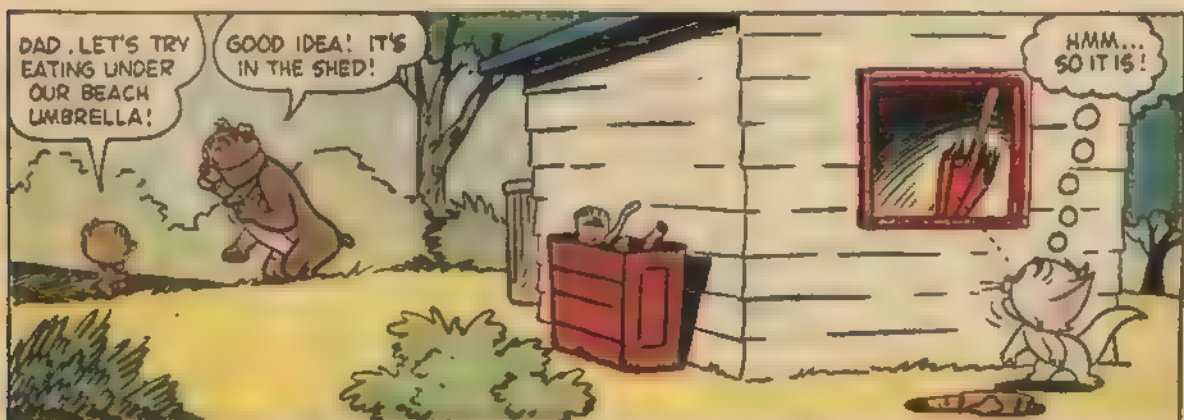
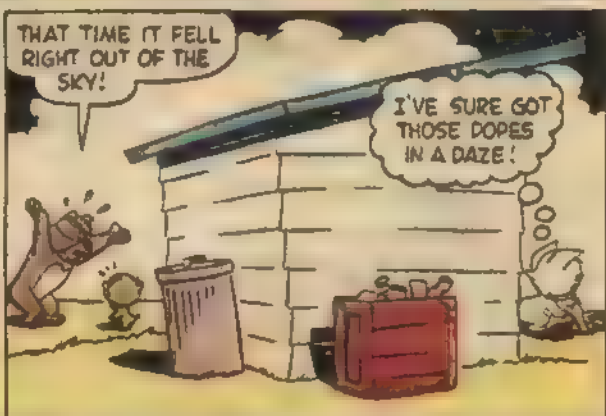
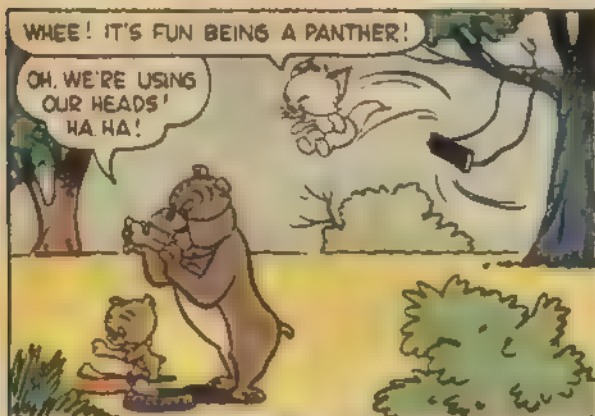




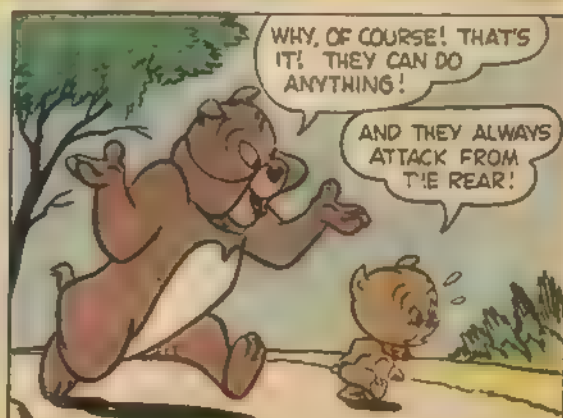
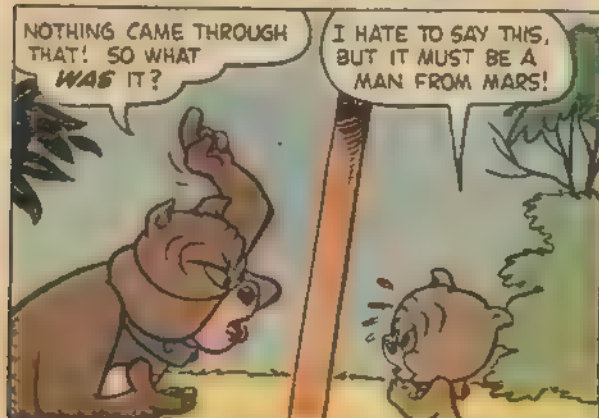
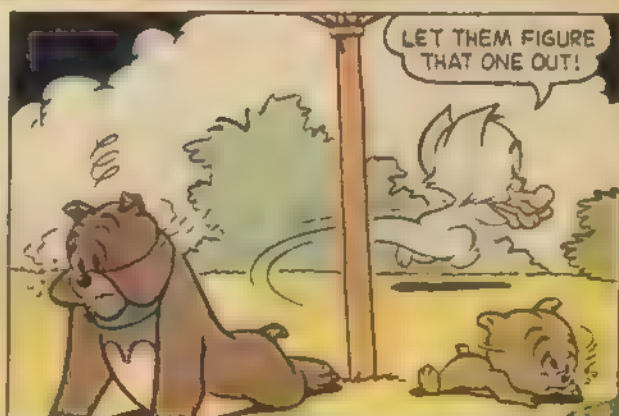
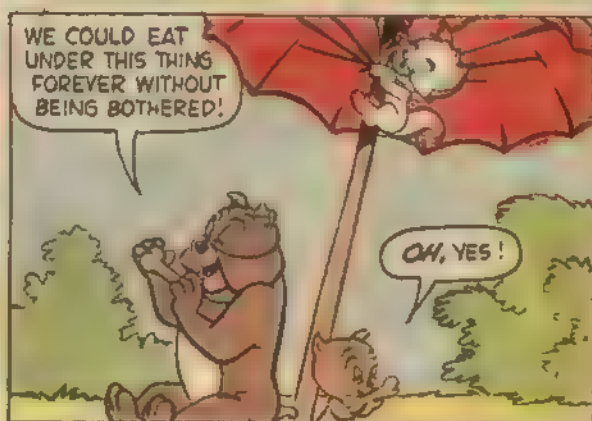
GOOD IDEA, DAD!

IF THERE'S NOTHING OVERHEAD, WE'RE SAFE!

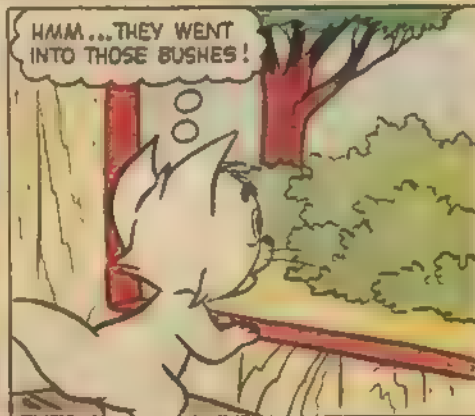
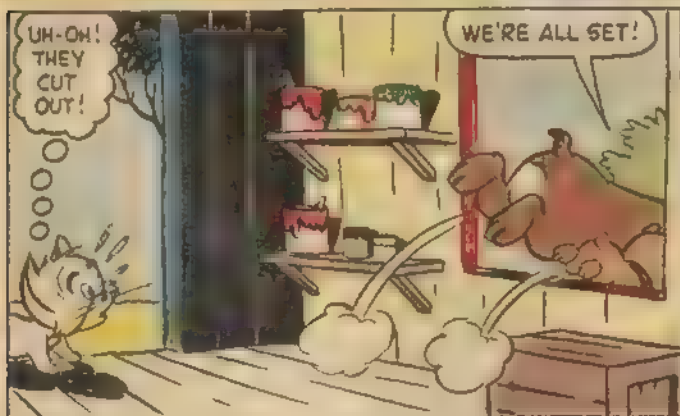
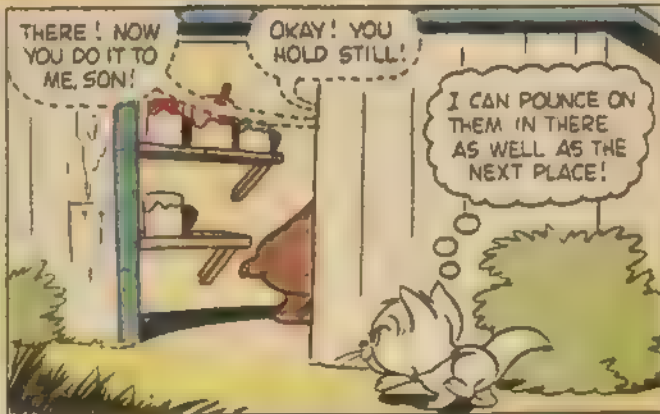
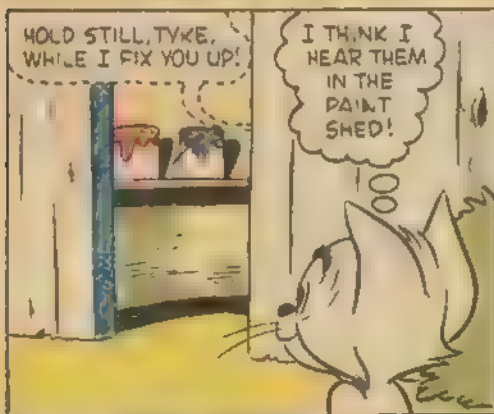
I CAN STILL POUNCE ON THEM!



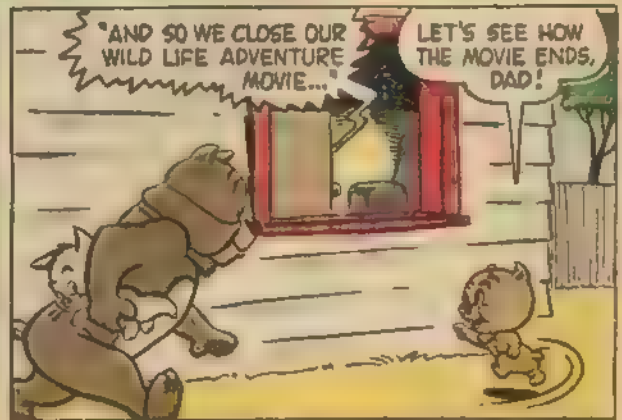
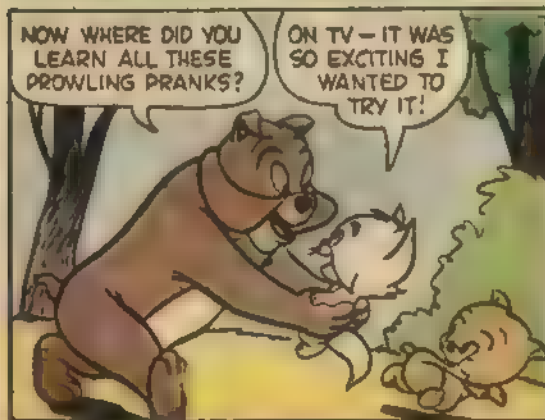
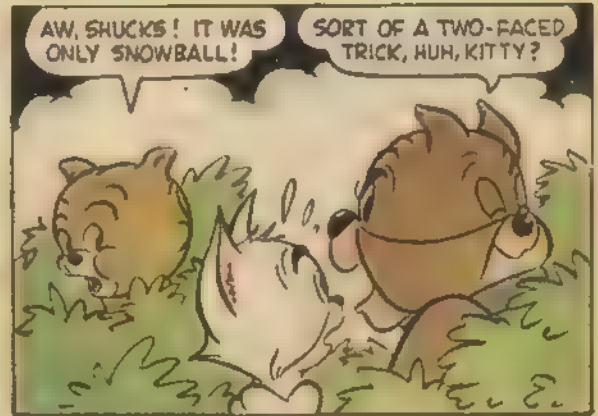
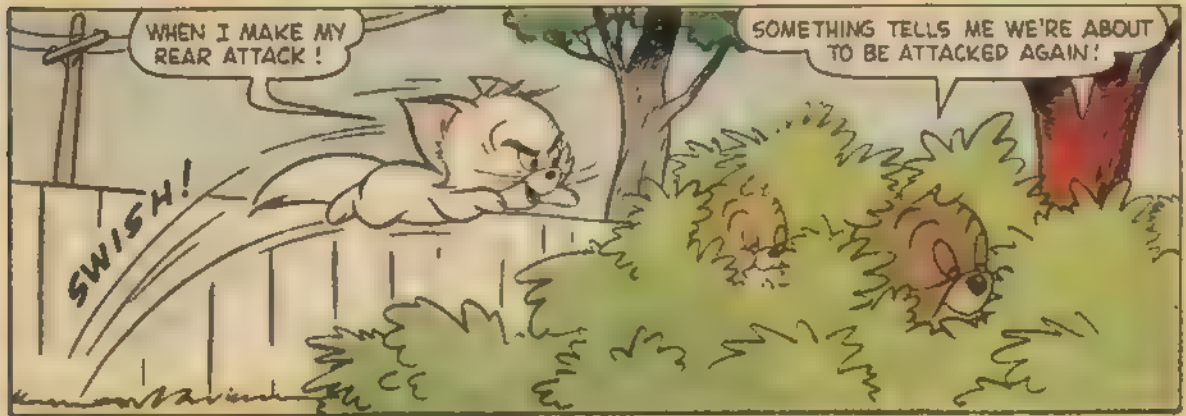
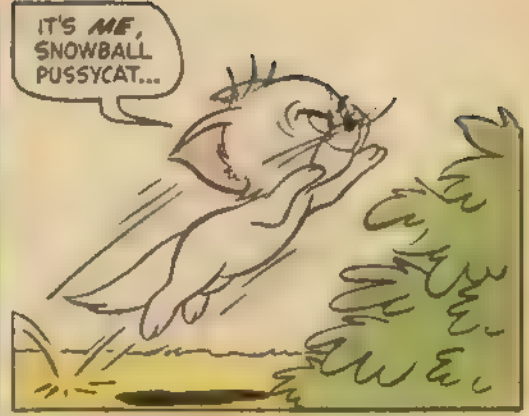
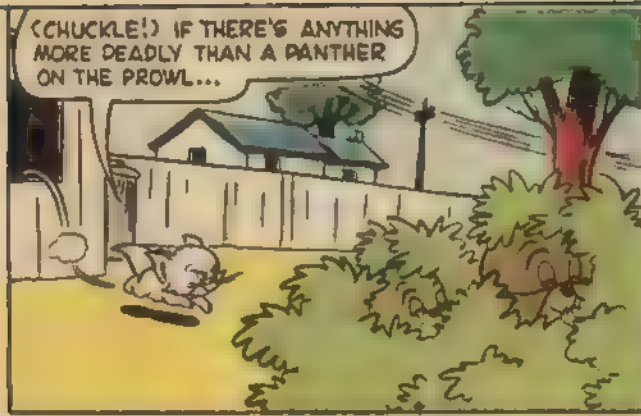




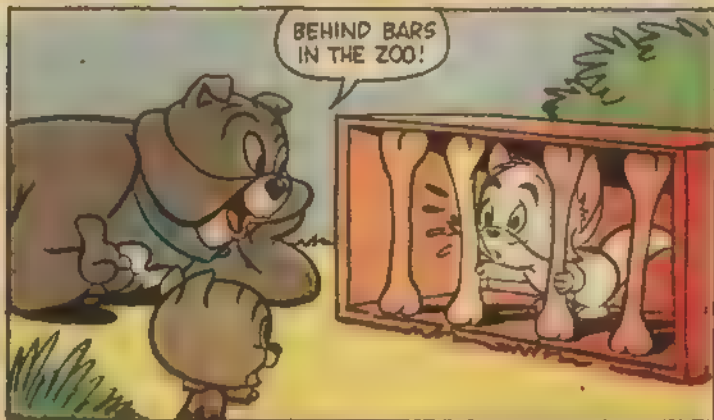
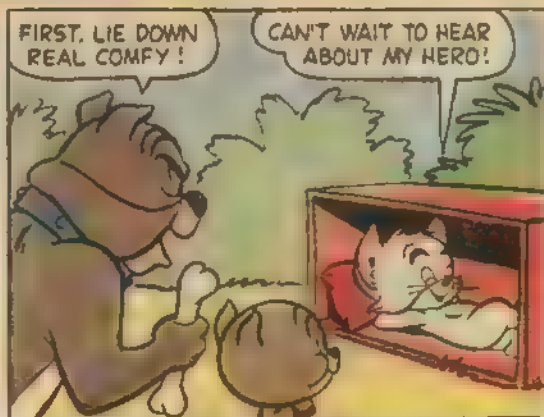
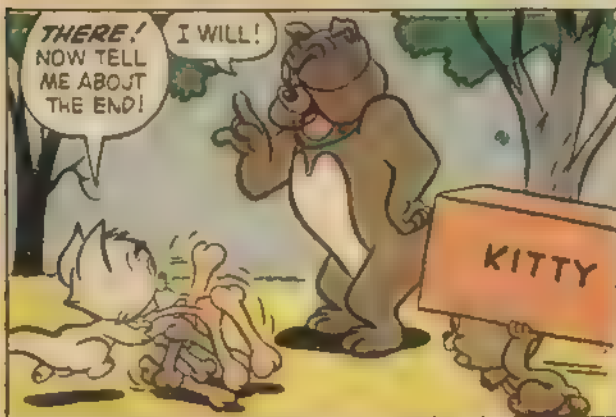
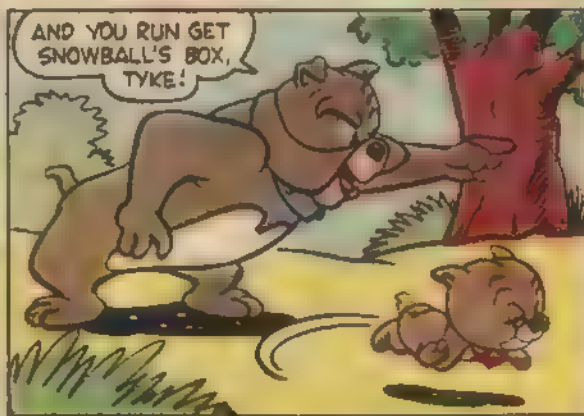
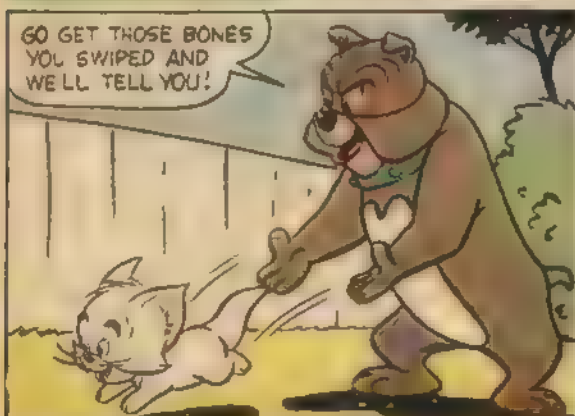
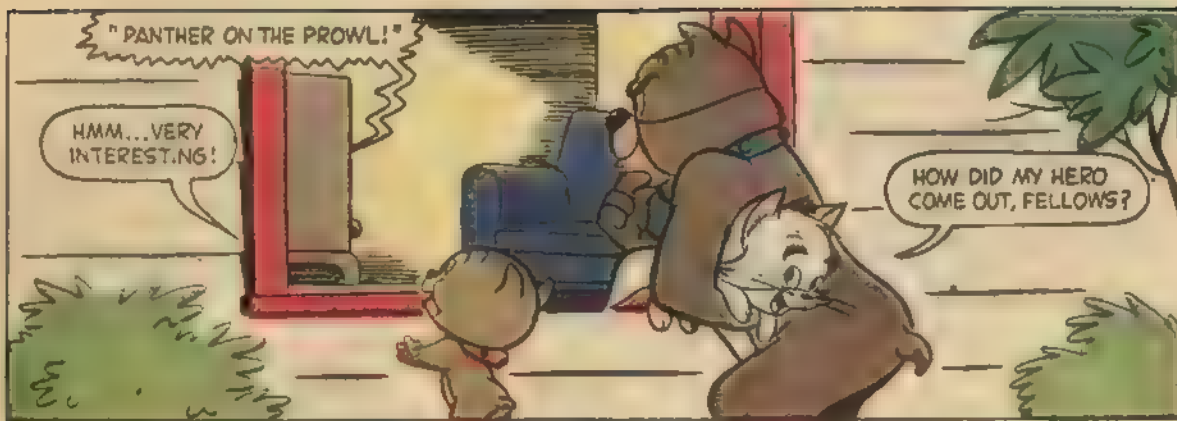














M-G-M CARTOONS  
present

# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

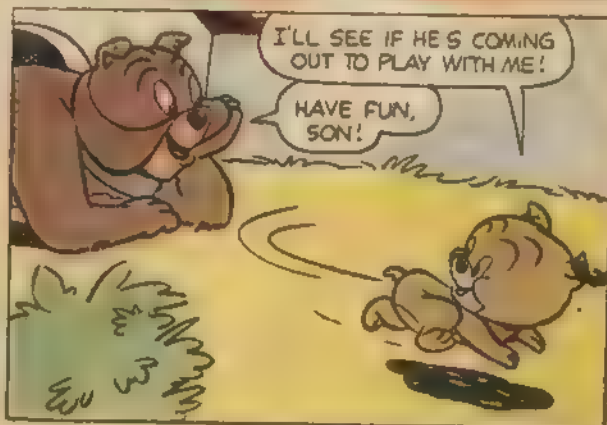
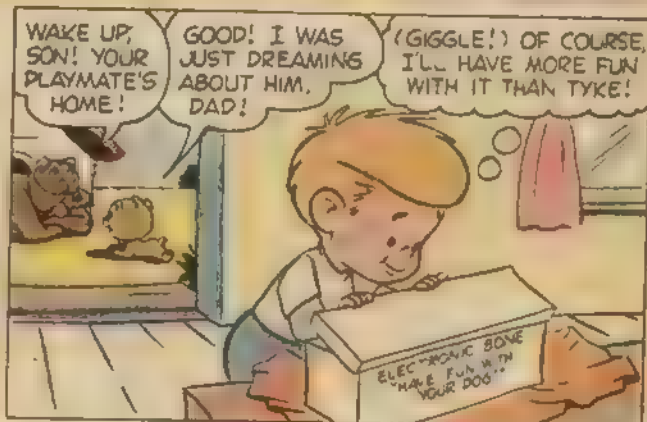
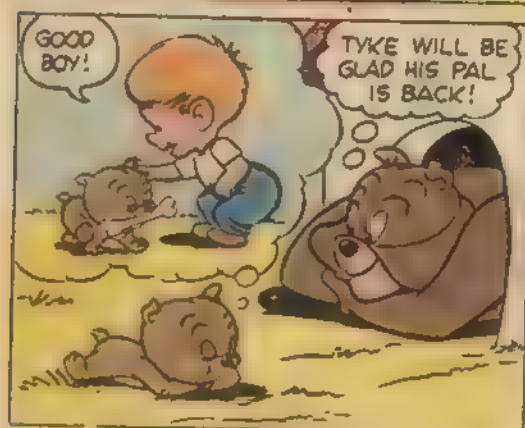
in  
**THE  
BAFFLING BONE**

HERE COMES  
MIKE HOME  
FROM TOWN!

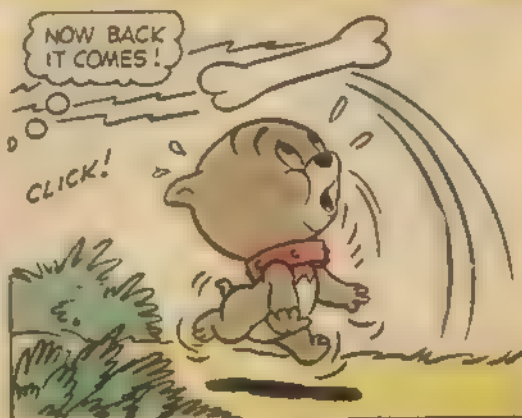
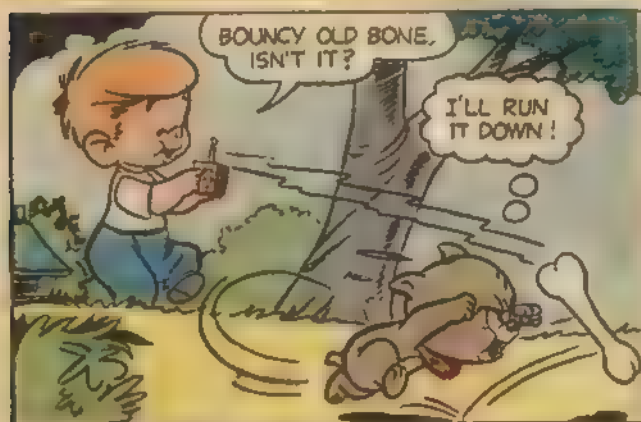
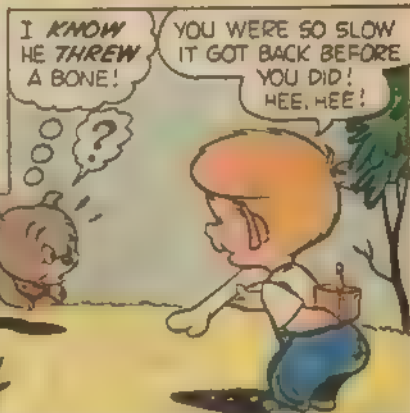
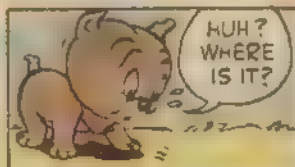
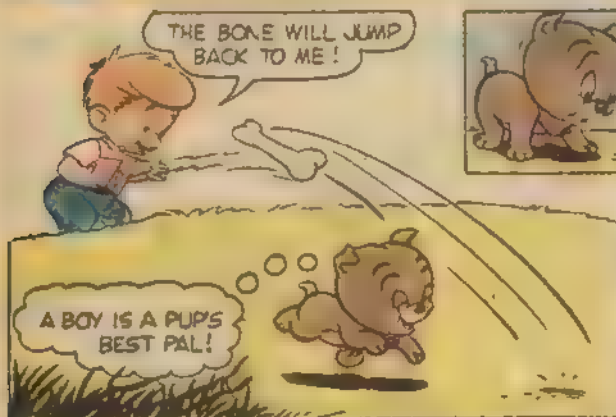
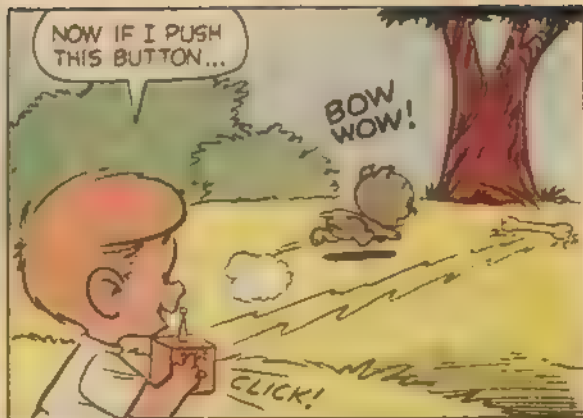
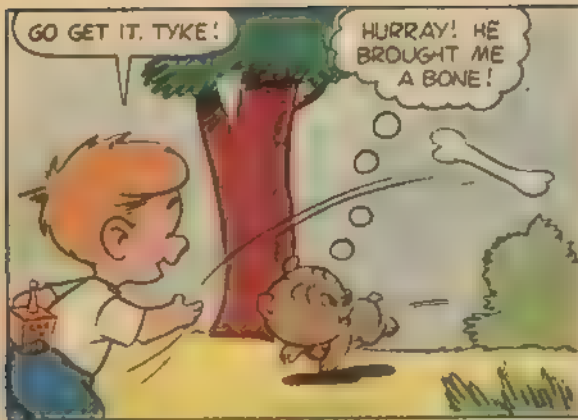
GO GET IT,  
BOY!

BOW  
WOW!

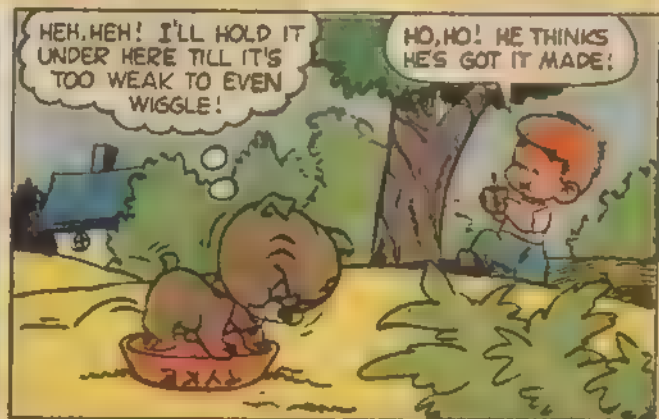
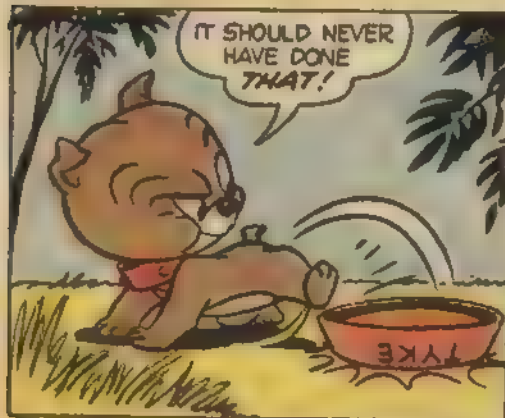
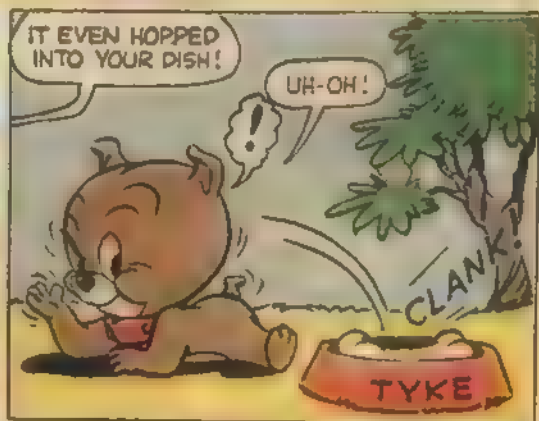
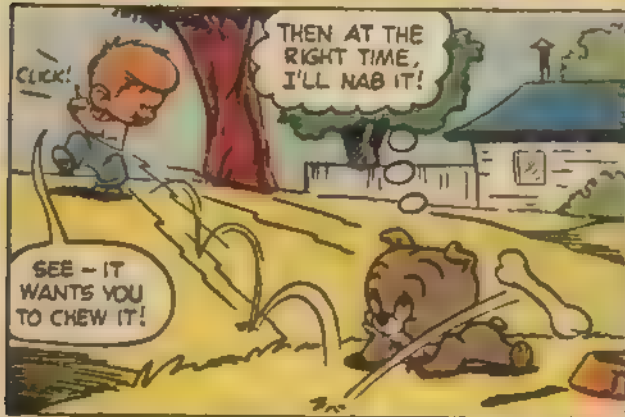
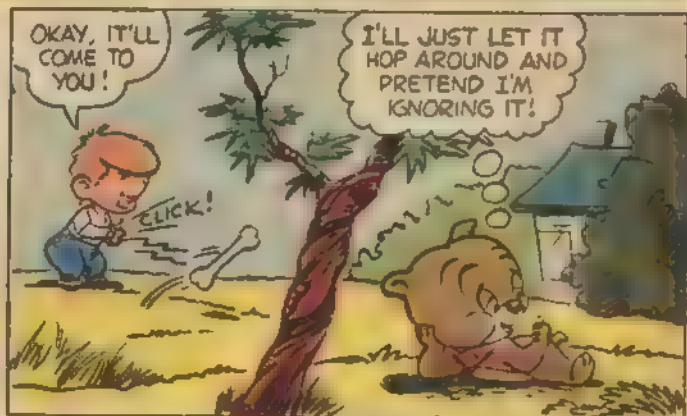
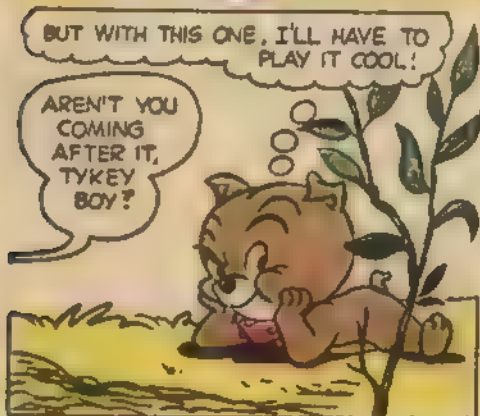
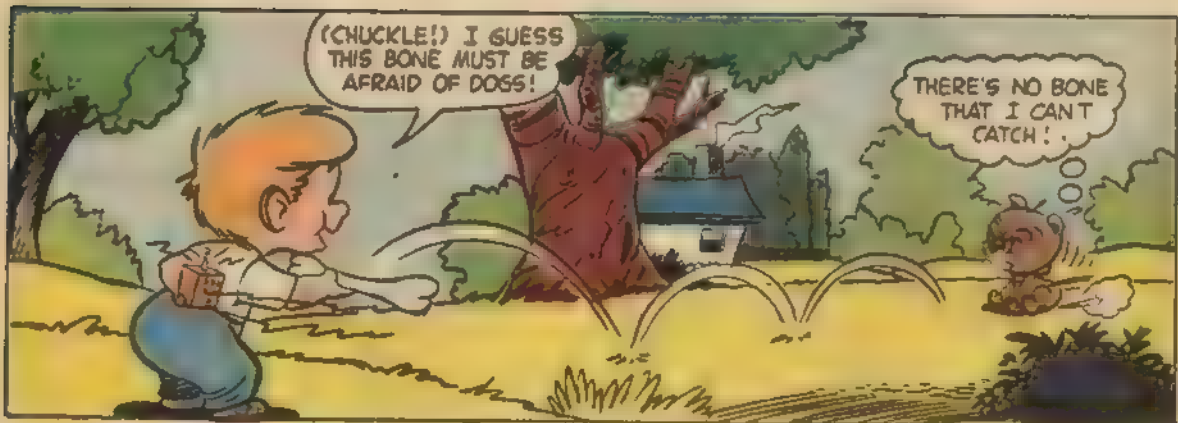
(CHUCKLE!)  
I'VE GOT A  
KEEN TOY  
FOR TYKE!



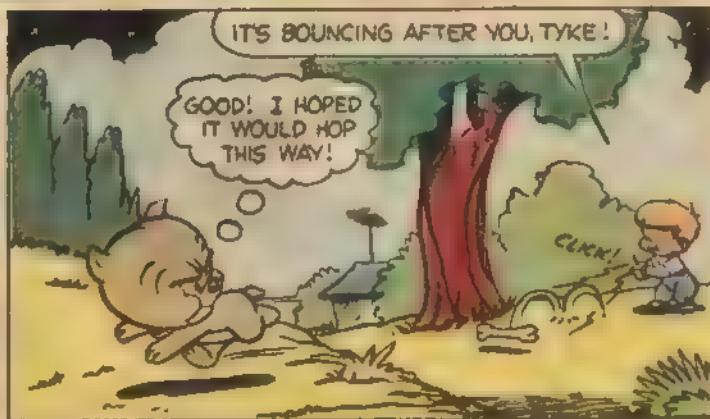
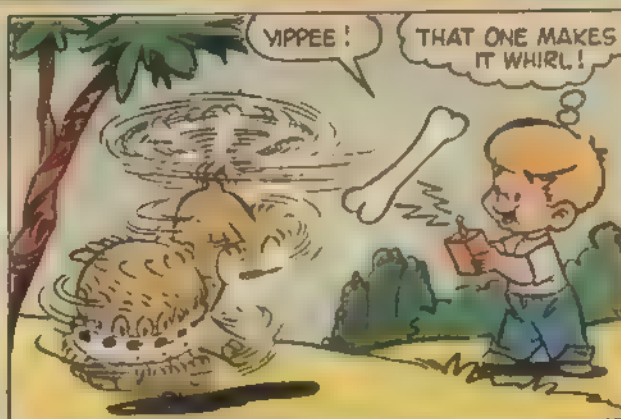
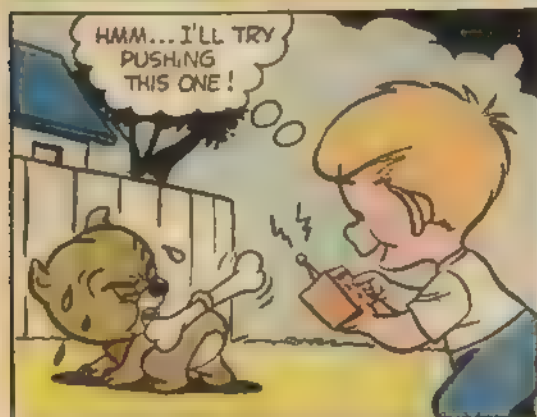
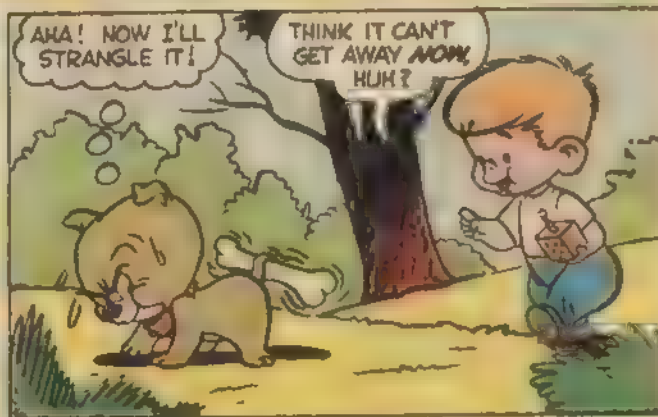
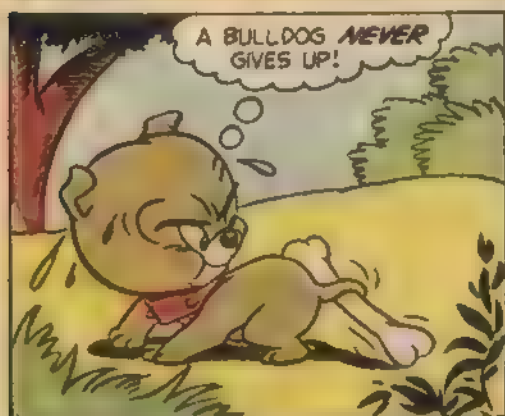
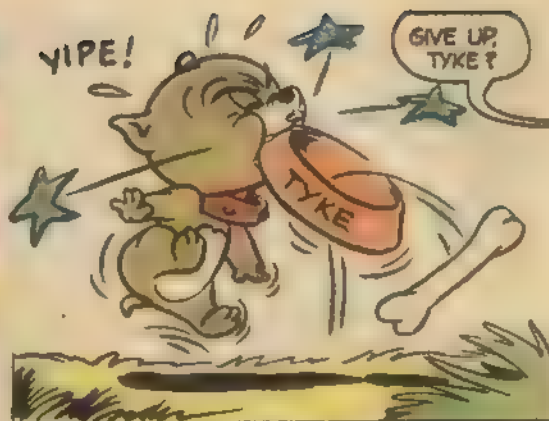
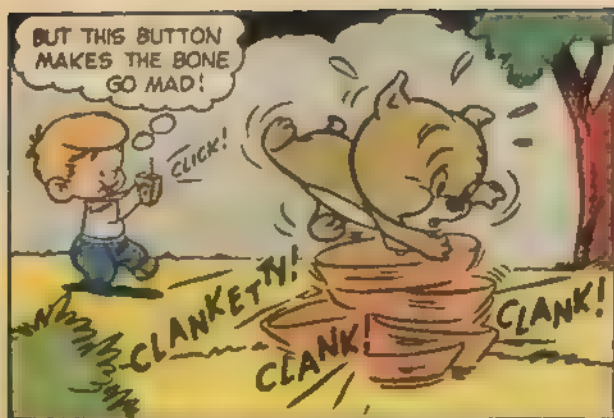




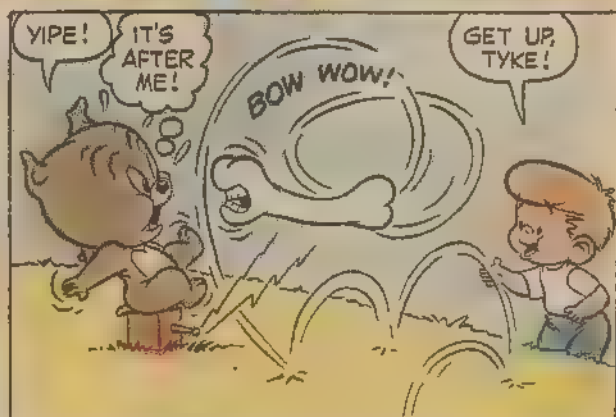
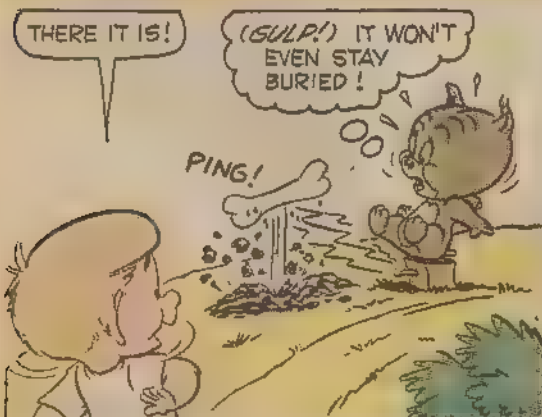
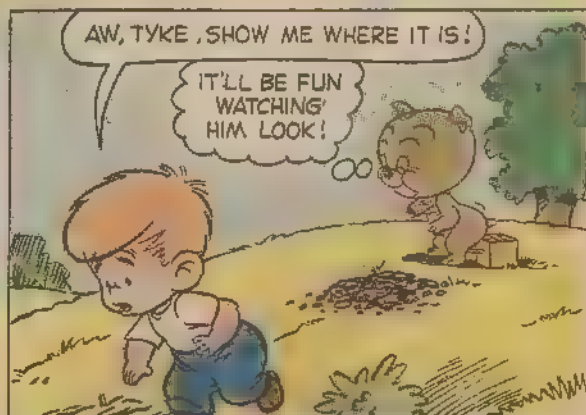
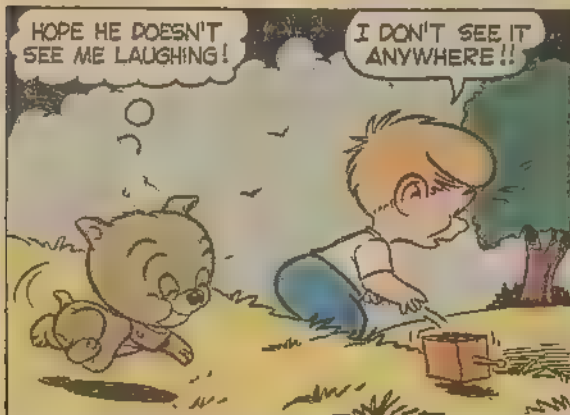
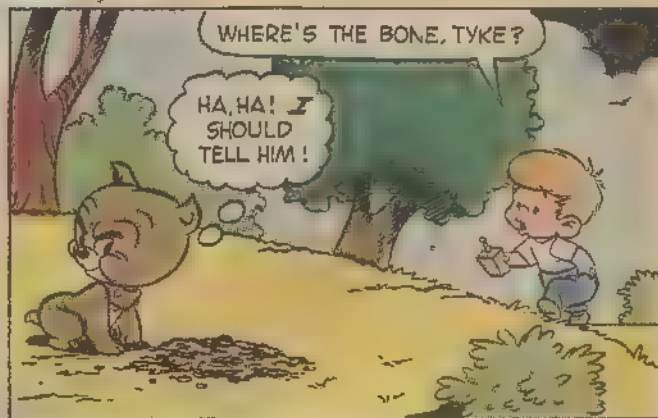
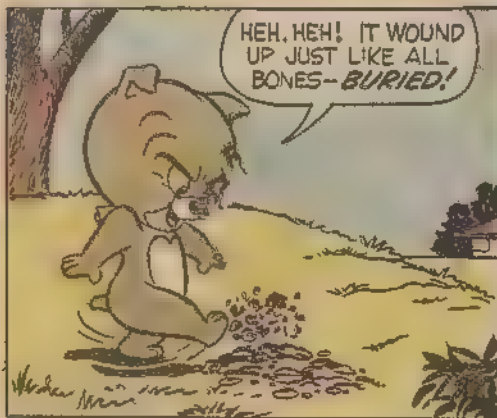
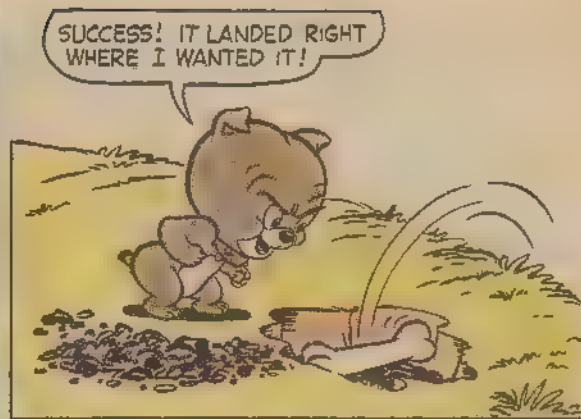


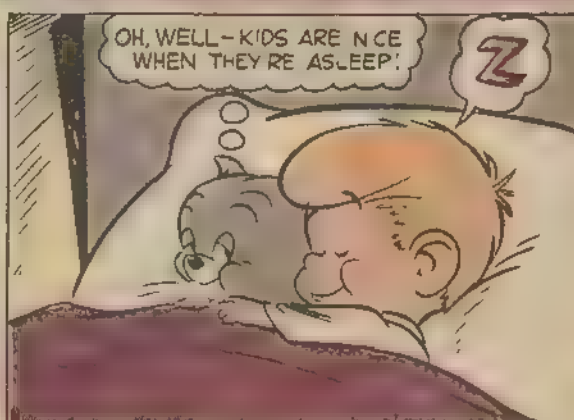
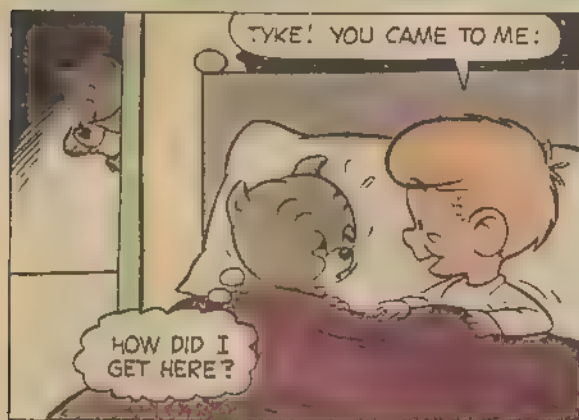
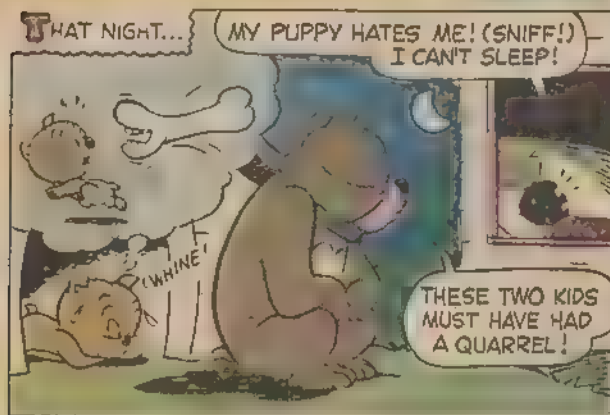
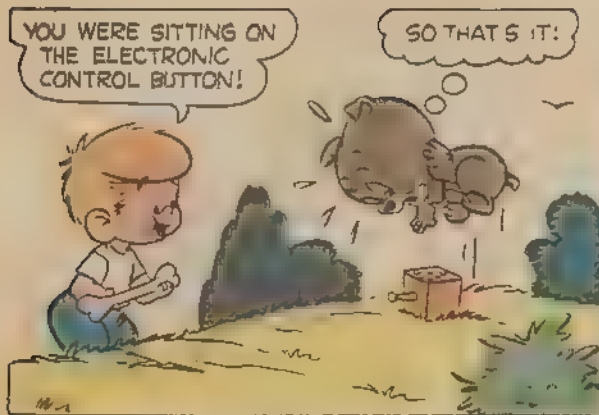












STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF M.G.M.'s Spike and Tyke published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other se-

curity holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1958.

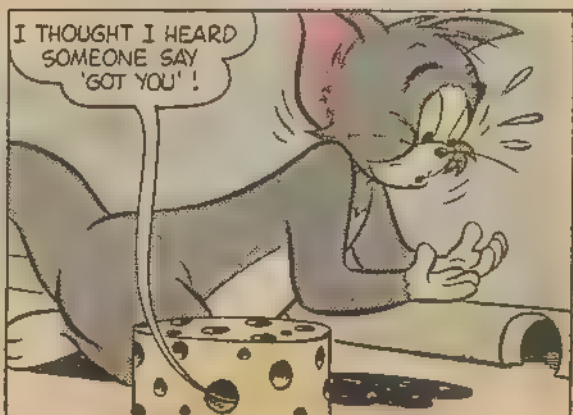
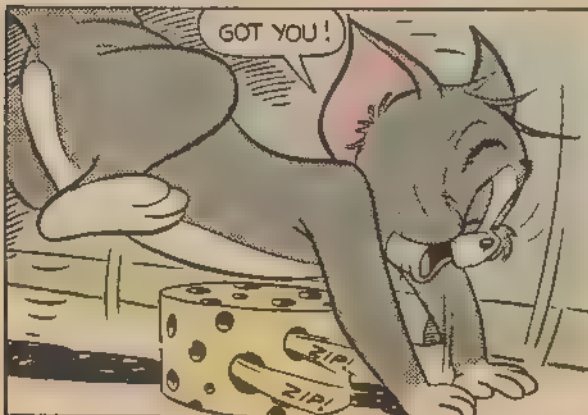
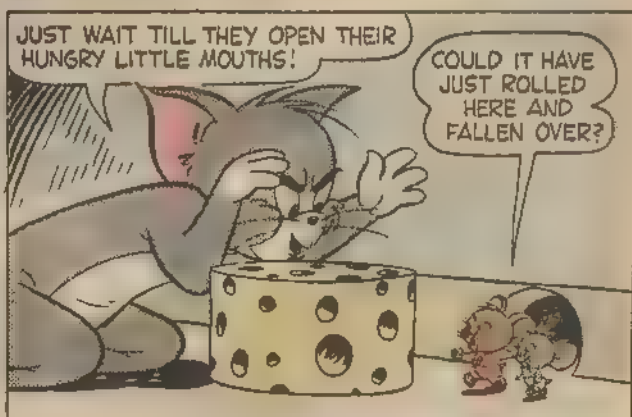
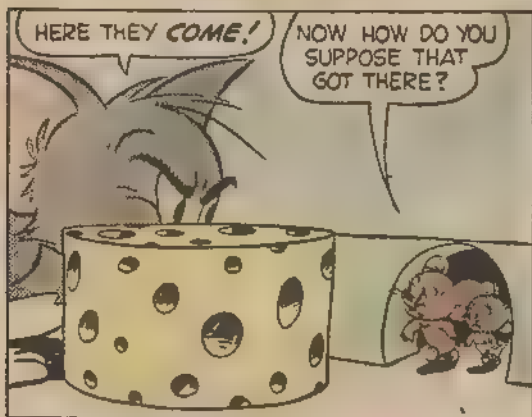
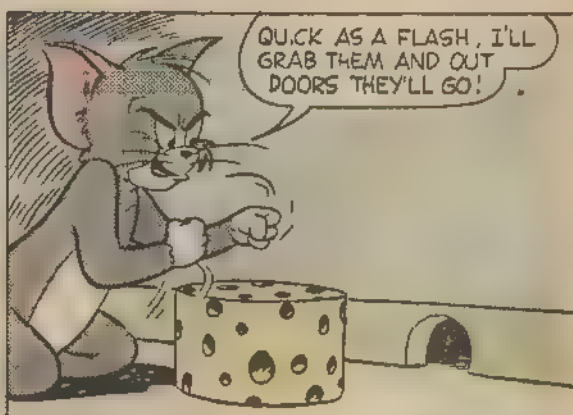
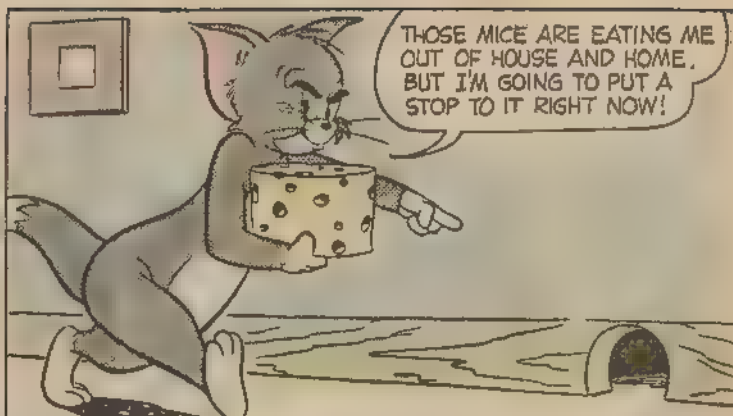
JOHN C. WEBER  
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

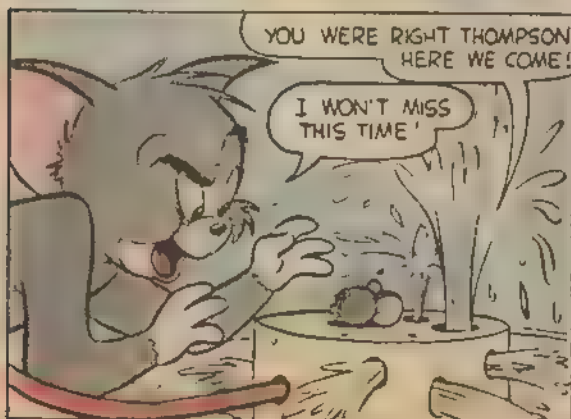
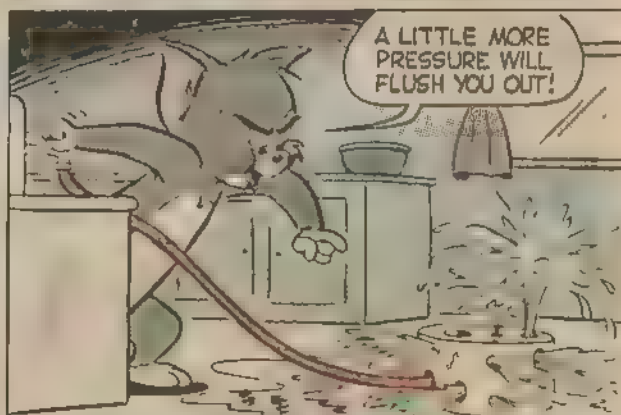
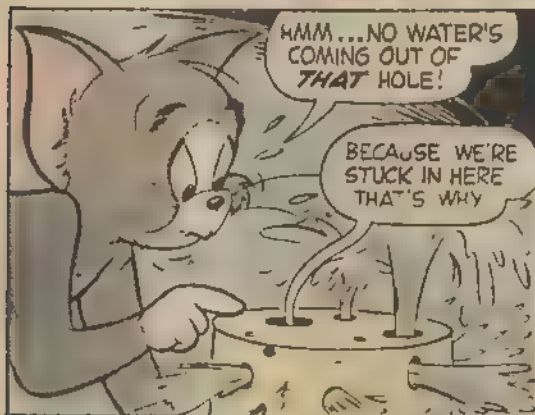
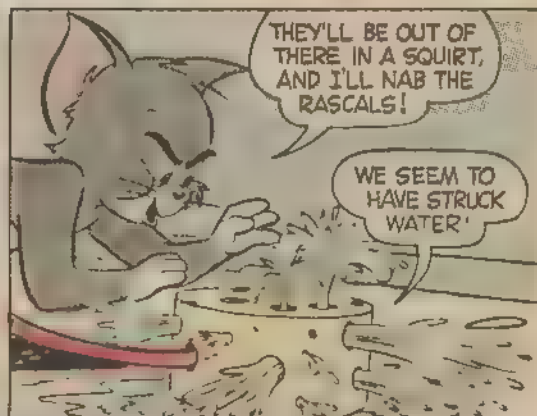
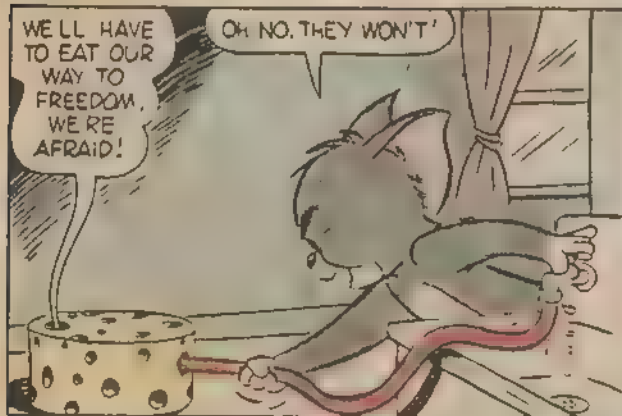
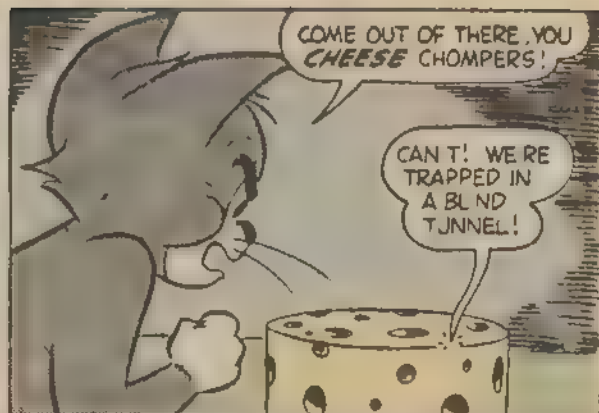
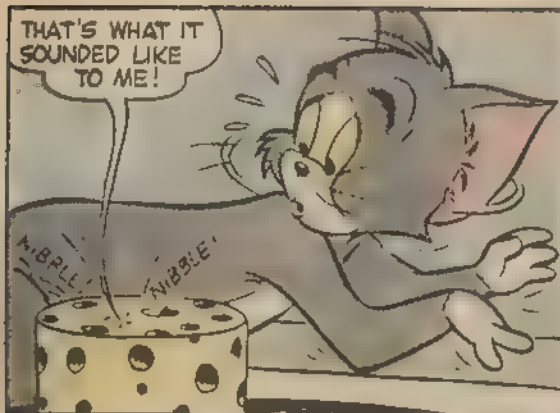


M-G-M CARTOONS  
*Present*

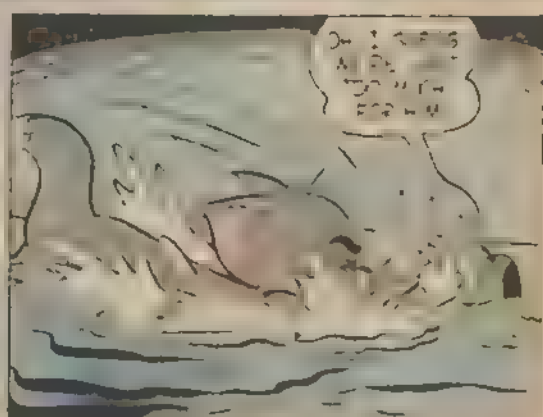
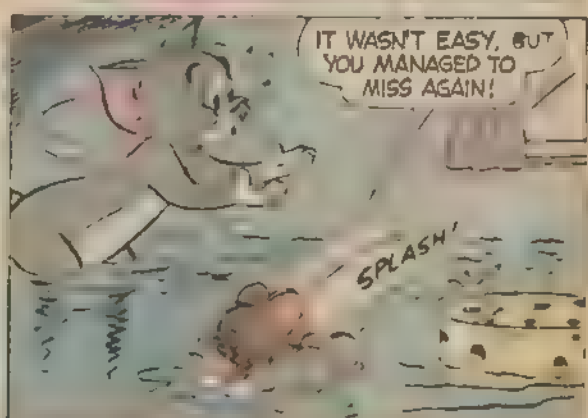
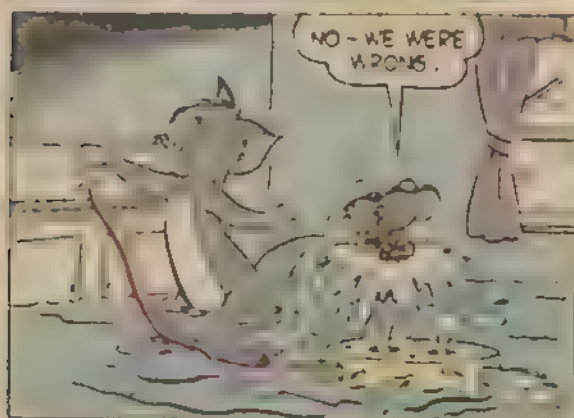
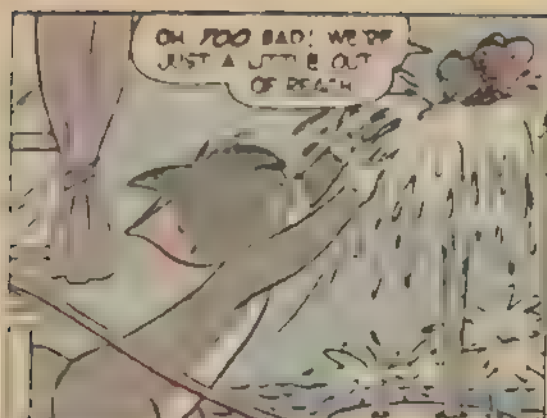
# TOM and JERRY

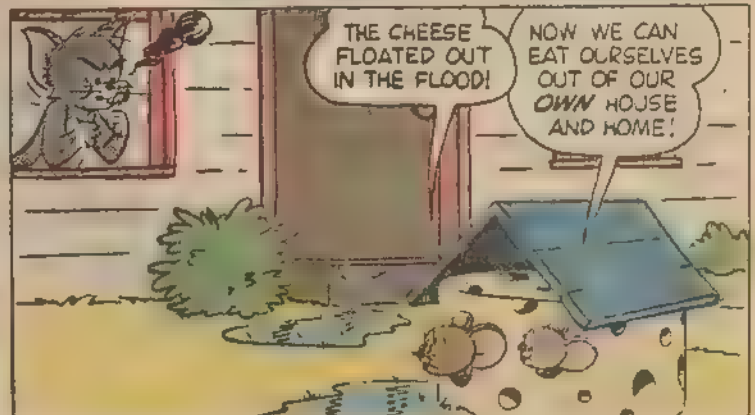
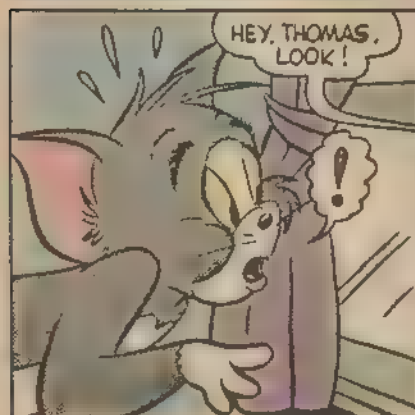
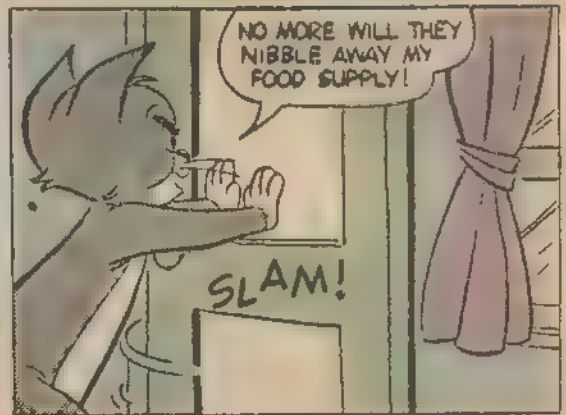
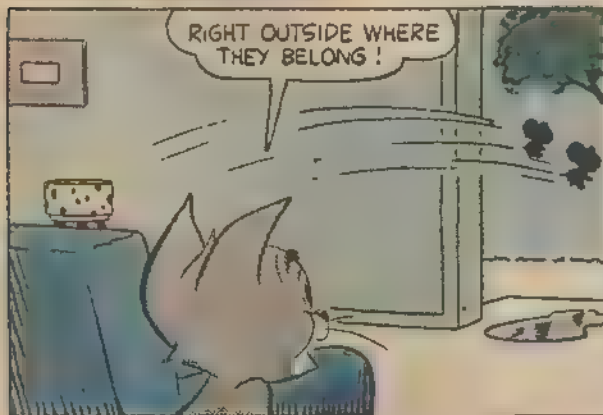
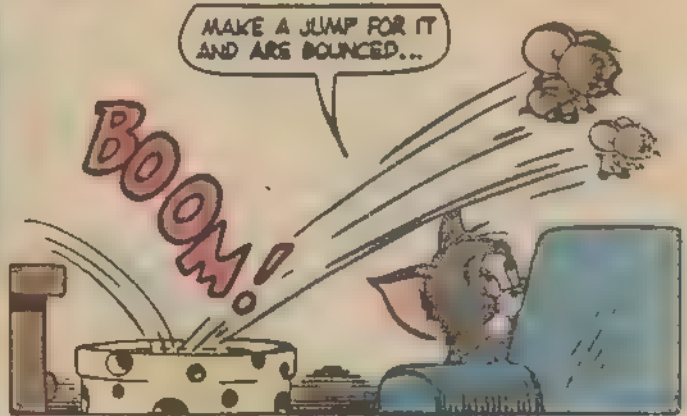
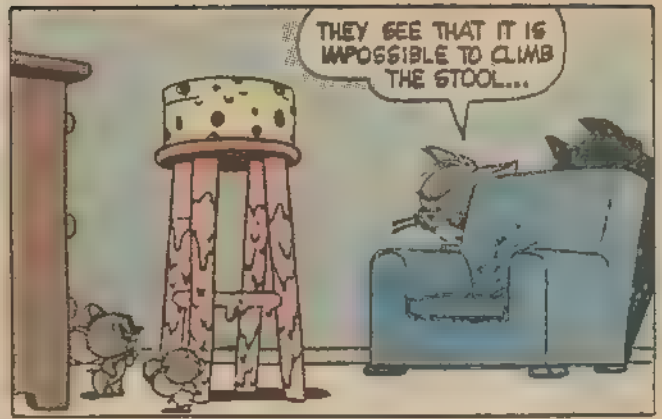
in  
**CHEESE CHOMPERS**













# WHIRLYBIRD PARTY



"Gee," cried Wuff, the Prairie Dog, to his friend, Sammy Squirrel, "it will be lots of fun to explore Bandit Rocks on such a bright, sunny day as this."

"What are we waiting for?" Sammy asked eagerly. "Let's pack a lunch and skedaddle. I haven't been exploring in a squirrel's age."

After a few minutes of hiking, they approached the great mountain of boulders known as Bandit Rocks. Wuff suddenly halted in the middle of the trail and cried, "What's that thing in the sky over there?"

"Maybe it's an airplane," Sammy guessed. "It doesn't seem to be moving, though."

Soon the odd-shaped object drew nearer. Its engine was roaring loudly, and one giant propeller held it in the sky.

"It's a helicopter," cried Wuff, "a real whirlybird."

The helicopter hovered for a few minutes over Bandit Rocks and then settled gently to the earth near Wuff and Sammy. A man leaned out of the doorway.

"We're part of a searching party," he cried. "A four-year-old boy has wandered away from a campsite nearby. Have you seen him?"

"Gosh, no!" Wuff declared. "But we'll be glad to help you look for him."

"That's fine, boys. If you see any trace of him, just light a fire of greasewood and let it smoke. We'll see your signal and come running."

The helicopter roared off into the sky once more.

At that moment, Charlie Coyote poked his head slyly from behind a nearby rock.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled, racing through the brush to get ahead of Wuff and Sammy. "I'll jump them somewhere along the trail, before they even know what's happening."

Meanwhile, the two friends scampered along the dusty trail, their eyes searching everywhere for a sign of the missing boy. They had just rounded a turn when Wuff shouted, "Look there, on the trail!"

"No wonder they couldn't spot him from the air," Sammy cried, "the way he's hidden by that overhanging ledge."

"Light a signal fire, quickly," ordered Wuff. "I'll see if the boy is all right."

Soon the whirling, roaring helicopter hovered near again and dropped to earth. The engine stopped, and two men ran toward the boy, who was apparently unhurt.

"I guess I fell asleep here on the trail," the boy explained as the men helped him to his feet and guided him toward the helicopter.

"Nice work, boys," one man said to Wuff and Sammy. "You are welcome at our camp, anytime. Won't you come over this evening?"

"We'd love to," replied Wuff and Sammy as they waved good-by.

The door of the whirlybird was slammed shut. The starter whined.

Charlie Coyote saw Wuff and Sammy standing all alone beside the strange machine.

"Now's my chance," he chortled, leaping from the overhanging ledge.

His feet did not get as far as the ground. The engine of the helicopter coughed to life. One whirling blade caught Charlie as he leaped and spun him around.

"YEOW!" he screamed. "What's got me?"

Charlie Coyote was tossed, sprawling, into a thick patch of mesquite. He clambered to his feet and scurried away.

Wuff grinned at Sammy as the helicopter zoomed into the air. "I guess we'll have to stop calling that thing a whirlybird," he laughed, "and call it a whirlycoyote, instead!"

# Big **SPIKE** AND Little **TYKE** in

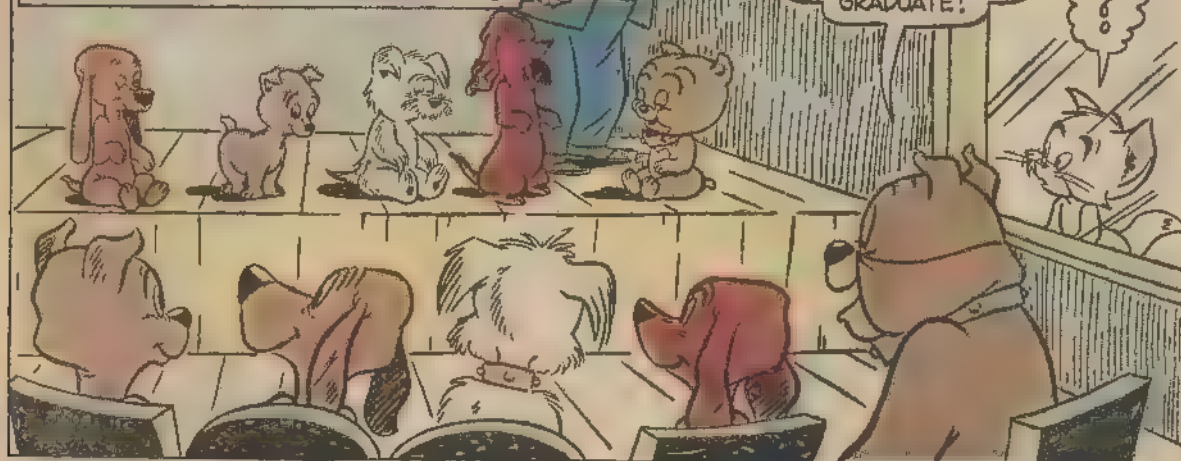
## COMMAND PERFORMANCE

### PUPPY TRAINING SCHOOL

THE PUPPIES HAVE COMPLETED  
THE TRAINING COURSE AND WILL  
AUTOMATICALLY OBEY ANY  
COMMAND GIVEN!

THINK OF IT—MY *SON*,  
A TRAINING SCHOOL  
GRADUATE!

?



FROM NOW ON, I WILL DO  
ANYTHING I'M TOLD!

HMM...THIS SOUNDS  
INTERESTING!



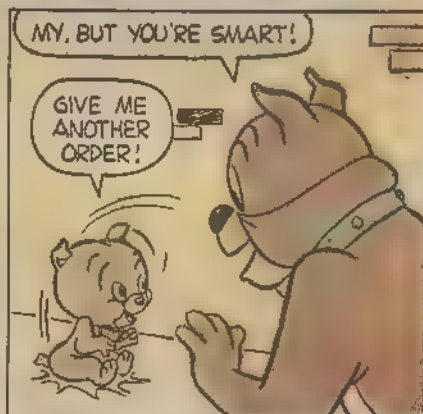
TELL ME TO DO  
SOMETHING, POP!

SIT!



MY, BUT YOU'RE SMART!

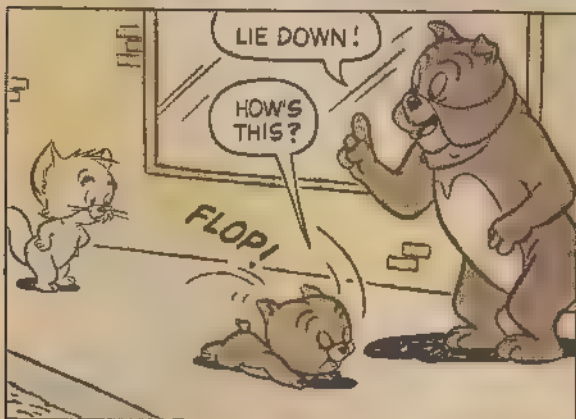
GIVE ME  
ANOTHER  
ORDER!



LIE DOWN!

HOW'S  
THIS?

FLOP!

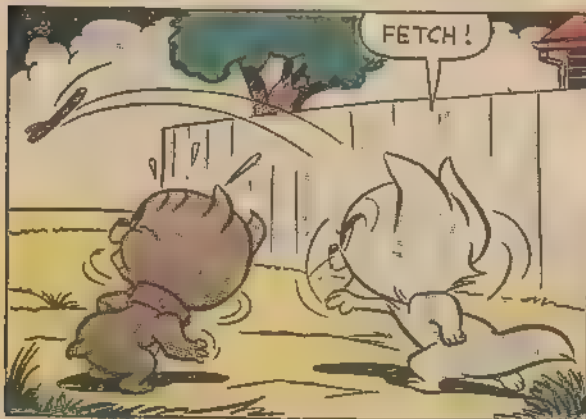
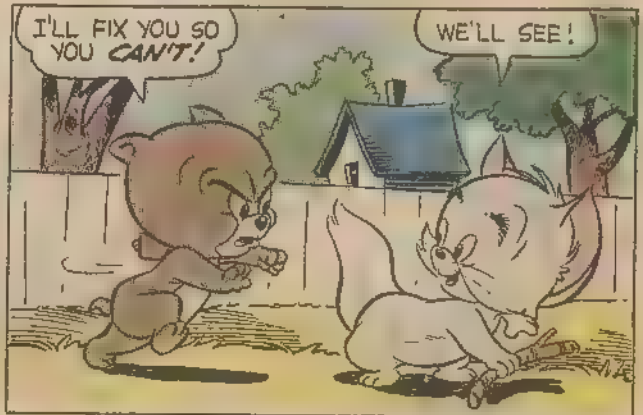
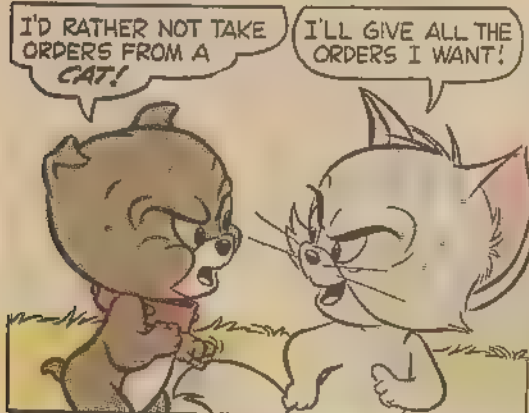
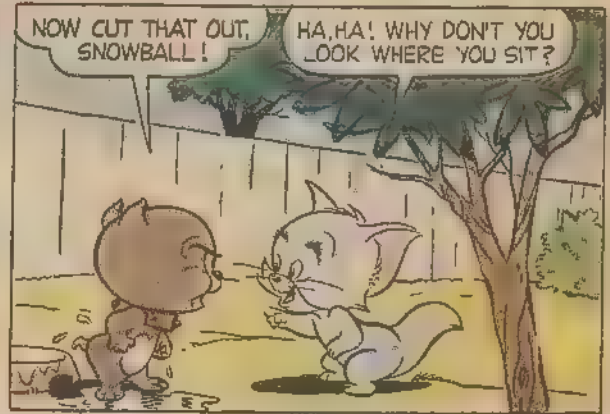
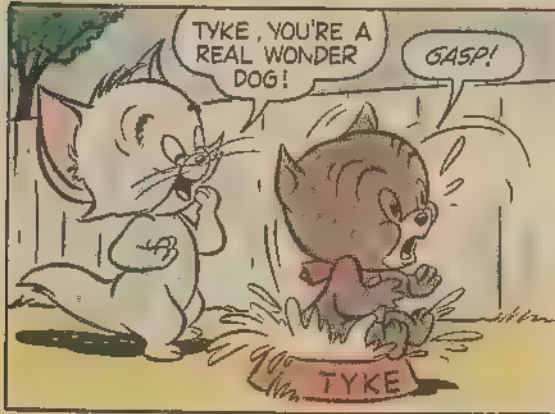
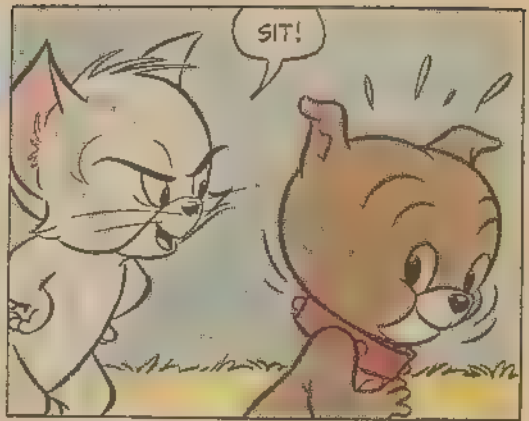
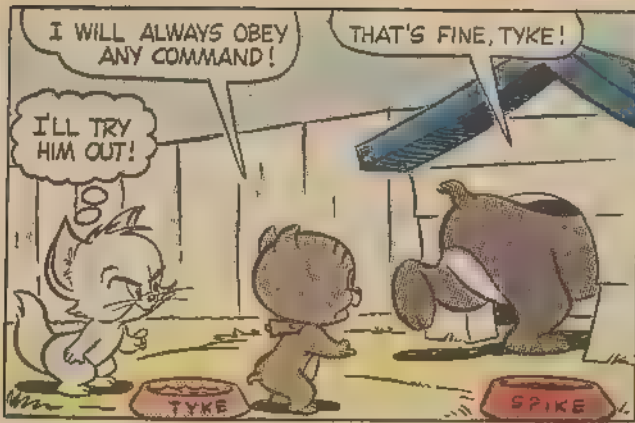


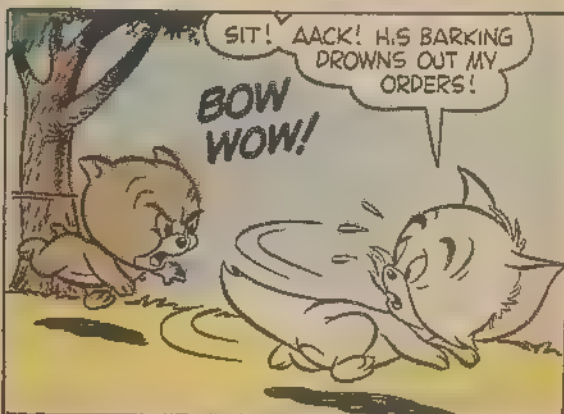
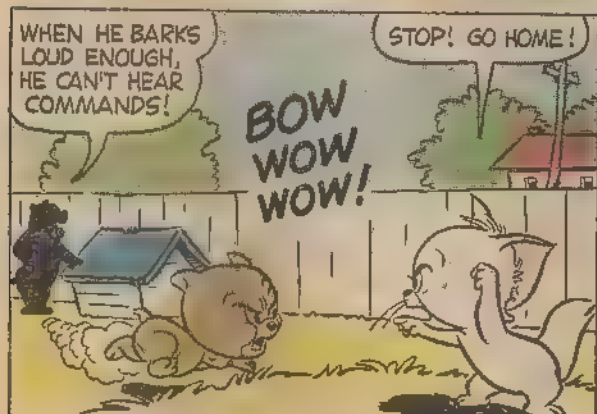
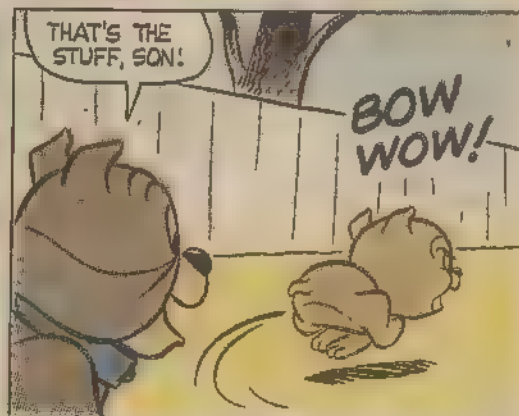
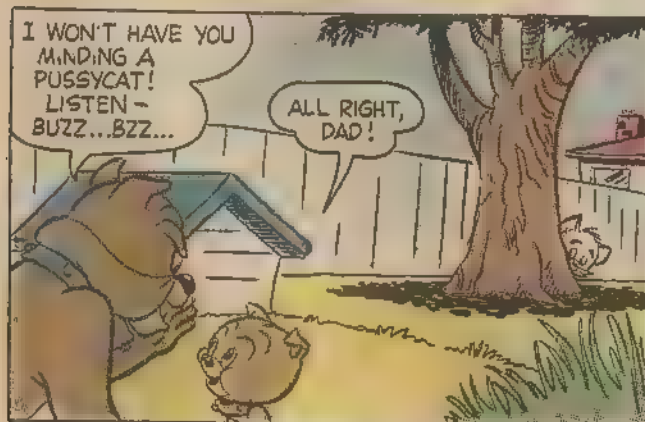
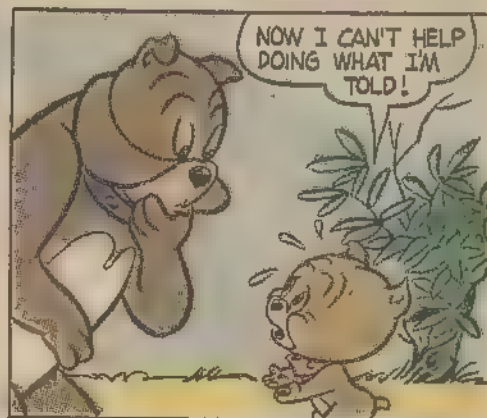
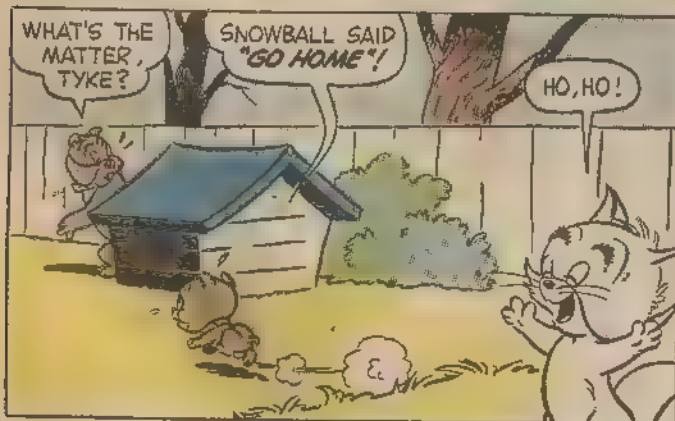
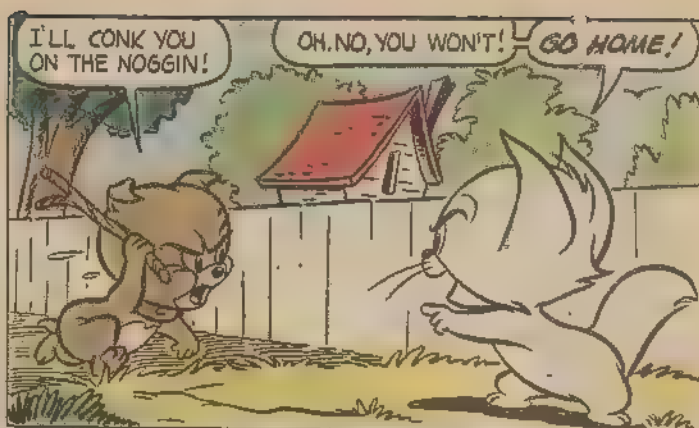
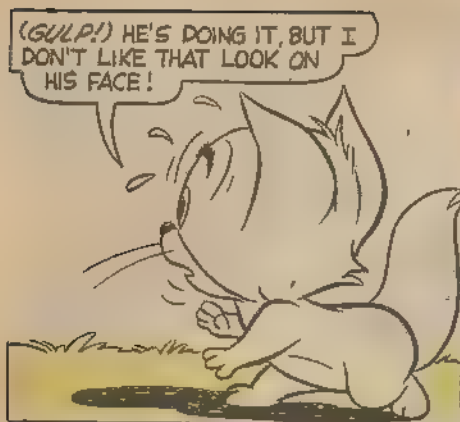
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, SON!

I DO IT WITHOUT  
EVEN THINKING!

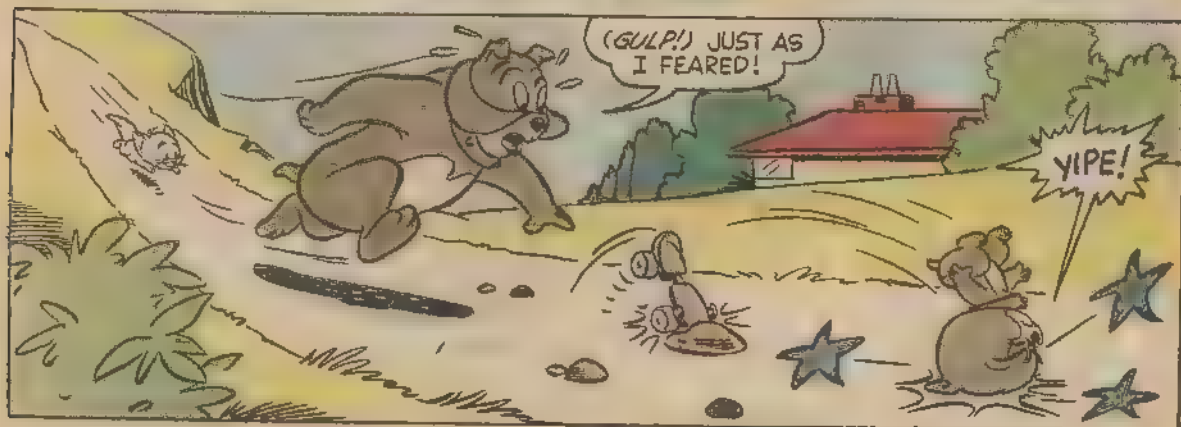
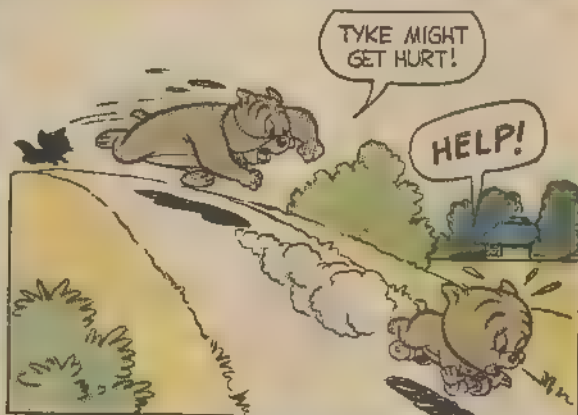
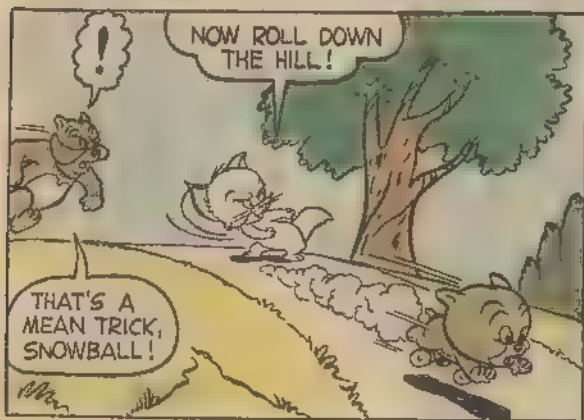
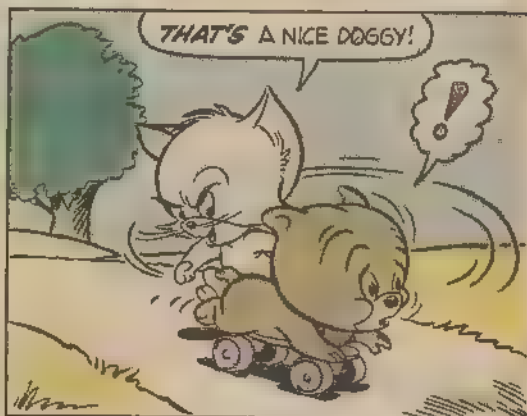
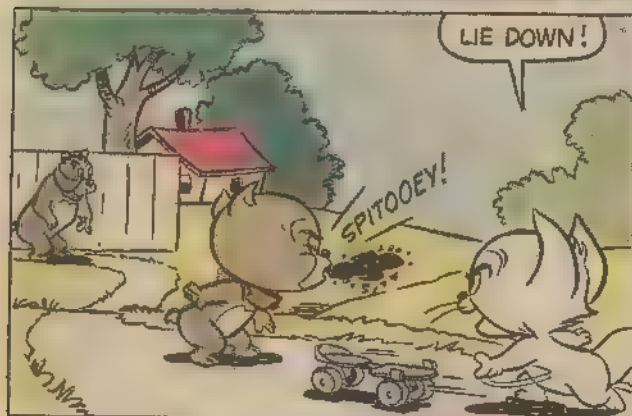
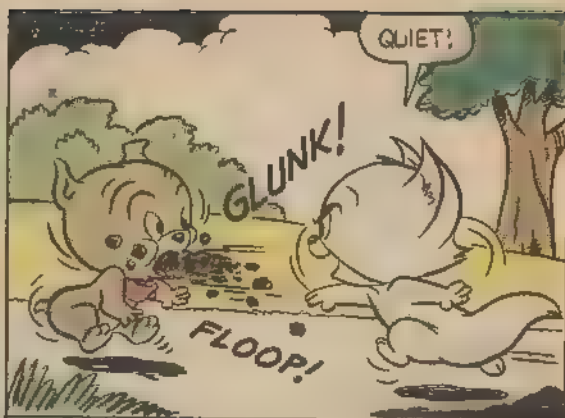
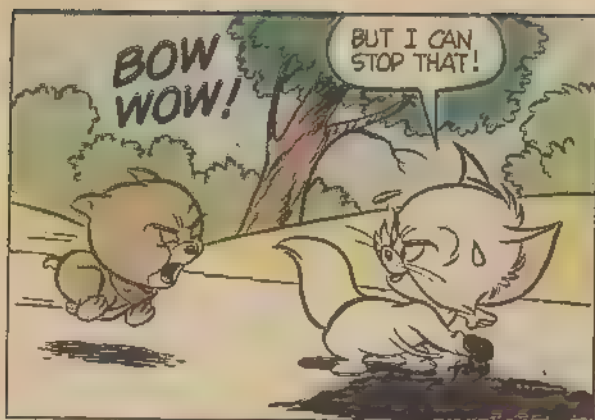












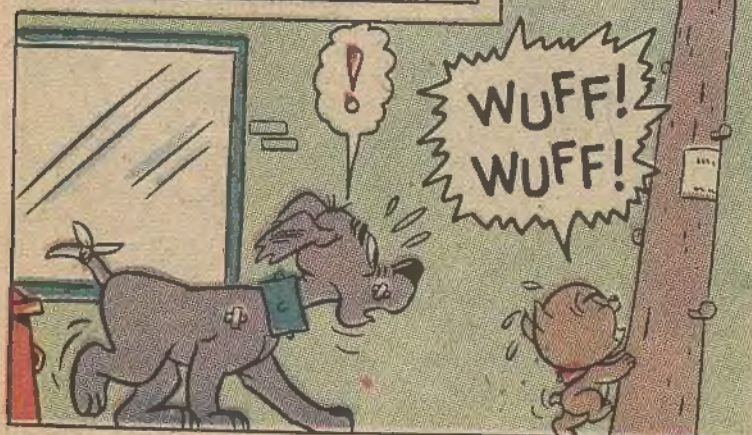
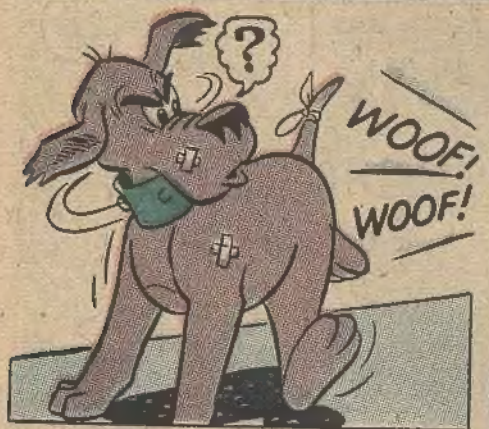
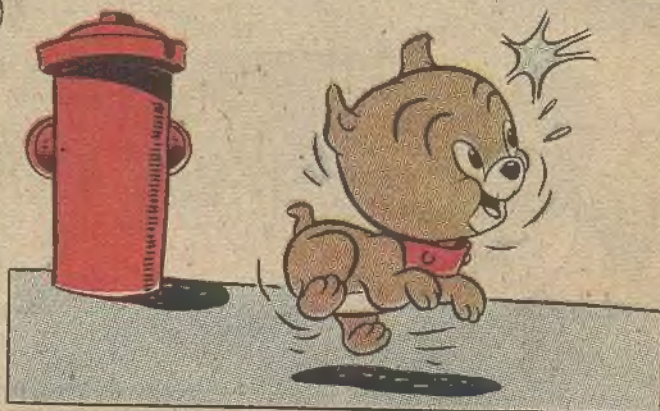






M-G-M CARTOONS  
*present*

# Little TYKE



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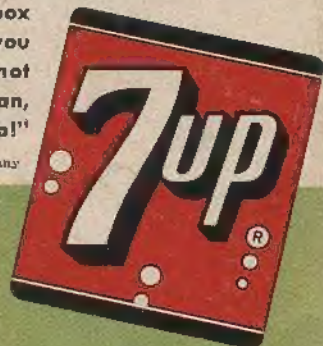
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